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THE WELFARE INDUSTRY . . . **SOCIAL WORK
& THE LIFE OF THE POOR**

ROY LUBOVE

ALABAMA'S 'RESTORATION' . . . **SWORD
IN THE HEART OF DIXIE**

JOHN BEECHER

Reviewing the Marxists

23rd Soviet Congress ALEXANDER WERTH

Marxism in the Modern World T. B. BOTTOMORE

Russia after Khrushchev GEORGE FEIFER

Hobsbawm's Primitive Rebels R. K. WEBB

LETTERS

bachelors of ideology

Orinda, Calif.

DEAR SIRs: There are two basic fallacies underlying Howard Zinn's "The Old Left and the New: Emancipation from Dogma" [*The Nation*, Apr. 4th]. In comparing the New Left with the old Left Mr. Zinn overlooks the fact that . . . the old Left was revolutionary in objective while the New Left described by Mr. Zinn is clearly reformist. One could logically condemn the old Left for being revolutionary and praise the New Left for being reformist, but Mr. Zinn . . . uses the same criteria of judgment for both movements, without any reference to their qualitatively different objectives. . . .

Mr. Zinn's second fallacy, common among critics of the old Left, is that the discrepancy between the humanist principles of socialism and Soviet everyday practice justifies the rejection of its entire theoretical and philosophical basis. And some critics, including Mr. Zinn, extend this view to include all concepts less vague and generalized than a belief in the value of the individual human being.

Like bachelors who prize women too much to marry one, these liberal thinkers prefer to maintain an ever open mind lest they embrace an ideology in its pristine loveliness only to suffer seeing it undergo the ravages of time. Nevertheless, society is perpetuated not by bachelors but by those who marry, and history is made by those who make a definite choice among the available alternatives.

The dismissal of the Socialist alternative because of Soviet aberrations will doubtless prove as hasty and unrealistic as the broad, liberal reaction to The Terror after the French Revolution, which jettisoned as already invalidated the entire theoretical and philosophical basis of the bourgeois-democratic ethos, and thus accepted Napoleon and the succeeding empires with regretful but placid resignation. . . .

Benedict R. Sobler

rights of the poor

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRs: If an individual poor man exerted force to establish his "rights" to the contents of someone else's pockets, you probably would agree with me that he deserved a jail sentence. Or would this be true only if it was your pockets he robbed?

Yet you advocate a "strategy" of large-scale force to establish the "rights" of all the poor to part of the income of the rest of us—if they have to bankrupt our large cities in the process [*The Weight of the Poor: A Strategy to End Poverty* by Richard A. Cloward and Frances Fox Piven, *The Nation*, May 2].

There are no such rights—to welfare, guaranteed income or whatever you want to call it. Because we don't like to see people starve, we have set up certain rules so that the genuinely needy can share our tax money. But this money is a grant from the productive to the nonproductive. Since you say only half the poor who might qualify under those rules actually receive what they have a "right" to, it appears that half the poor, at least, are honest. Please don't compromise their integrity by convincing them that they have "rights" to my money. If you want to give them yours, the honest way to do that is individually.

Helen Bugbee

We dislike contradicting a lady, but the poor do indeed have rights: they are written into the welfare legislation of the nation and the states and are not dependent on the charitable instincts of Miss Bugbee and those who think along similar lines. The reason why half of the poor do not take advantage of those rights is that they

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EDITORIALS

The Momentum of Power

Perhaps no major speech of an American statesman has been more generally misunderstood than the one in which Senator Fulbright, addressing the American Newspaper Publishers Association Bureau of Advertising, used the phrase "the arrogance of power." The President took it as a personal reference and countered with a cute note from Mrs. Zephyr Wright, his long-time cook, admonishing him on his eating habits. Barry Goldwater, swinging as wildly as in the 1964 election campaign, demanded Fulbright's resignation as Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. Senator Javits, who might be expected to show better discrimination, chided Fulbright over his use of the phrase, and asserted that "there is a deep and mature recognition by the American people that it [the defeat of the Vietcong] is a job that has to be done."

But what Fulbright said was of exceptional moment; if his words are unheeded, the country will regret it for months and years to come. The essence of his warning was that the United States is not in Vietnam for any high-minded purpose involving "freedom," or even in a far-sighted plan for the containment of Communist China, but because it is carried along by the sheer momentum of power. In its headlong course, Fulbright felt, the country "is showing some signs of that fatal presumption, that overextension of power and mission, which brought ruin to ancient Athens, to Napoleonic France, and to Nazi Germany."

Historical analogies may not be reliable in such contexts: one can always find differences as well as similarities. What is important is the emphasis on the blind application of power, as if that were an end in itself. "Our almost unbelievable power," as Secretary Rusk calls it, is dictating policy or, rather, it is policy. We have preponderant military power, so we use it as if, by itself, it could solve all problems. When this doesn't work, we do not assess the situation and change the policy that has failed us; we simply apply more power. Indeed, we have little choice in the matter. Since we have nothing properly describable as a policy, there is nothing to change; but power we have to spare—and throwing in more men, more munitions, more materiel, requires no thought.

The prognosis is for more of the same. In the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* Marquis W. Childs writes that the Joint Chiefs of Staff now estimate that not less than 500,000 and possibly 600,000 troops will be "required" on Vietnamese soil. Required for what? That number of men may suppress guerrilla activity for a time, but does anyone suppose that South Vietnam will be permanently pacified, much less become a bastion of democracy, by filling it with American soldiers? And why 600,000? Could it not be 800,000 as easily as 600,000? A few years ago these same generals, or others of the same mold, were reckoning in much lower quantities of manpower, and these were supposed to be final answers, just as the present ones imply a promise of finality.

Until policy prevails over power, the United States will never find its way out of the Vietnamese morass, and the slaughter of the Vietnamese people will continue. The in-

cident of May 10, in which overwrought U.S. military police engaged in a wild shooting spree, was symbolic. Touched off by a minor Vietcong bombing, for more than twenty-five minutes machine gun bullets whizzed up and down a main thoroughfare of Saigon, with no one to ask the officers and men what they were shooting at. It was not much different, except in scale, from what the United States has been doing in Vietnam for many years. The course has led only to disaster and if it continues it can lead only to the larger disaster Senator Fulbright envisioned.

Vietnam vs. Space

The opposition between the war in Vietnam and the war on poverty is self-evident. What is not yet widely realized is that our space program and our enmeshment in Asia are almost equally antagonistic. This clash has been obscured by Congressional and public identification of space exploration with a single project in which we are racing the Russians to the moon. Apollo, an irreversible commitment now at the midway point, is not likely to be critically affected by the course of the Vietnamese conflict, provided it stops short of all-out nuclear war. What worries the space section of the aerospace industry at this juncture is the financing of the post-Apollo projects.

For the same reason that preparations for the moon landing had to begin ten years in advance, the planning, engineering and contracting for ultralunar ventures must get under way fairly soon. And that is where the Vietnamese conflict stands in the way. No later than fiscal 1967 (for which budgetary decisions must be made in the fall of 1966), Apollo follow-on programs will be competing with Vietnam, and it is easy to see which set of demands will have the advantage. By January, 1967, Vietnamese costs will be running at the rate of \$21 billion annually, or more. Congressmen's constituents will be concerned not with the exploration of the moon, much less Mars, but with their sons in battle, or about to be drafted. Businessmen will oppose higher taxes and consumers will protest higher prices. Chauvinists will rage, as the greatest military power on earth finds itself unable to complete the conquest of a guerrilla force. The same purblind strategists who got us into the trap are likely to prevail in their demands for still greater commitments, and where will that leave space?

And where will it leave the government-industry team which now comprises some 20,000 companies and 300,000 workers, ranging from top administrators and engineers to the technicians who remove the empty cola bottles? Clearly, as the situation develops, within the great aerospace corporations the interests of the heads of the space divisions—now powerful in their own right—will no longer coincide with those of the military aircraft division heads. The latter may prosper for the time being on Vietnam and other counterinsurgency wars, but their meat will be the other fellow's poison. This clash will be the more acute between companies that produce only space items and those that supply only the armed forces.

Nor is this solely, or even predominantly, a struggle for the best places at the public trough. Aside from jobs, careers and incomes, the space people have created a vast complex of new technologies to which they are passionately devoted.

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When Thorstein Veblen apotheosized the "instinct of workmanship," he could not foresee giant rockets, spacecraft, communication satellites and the like. These machines would amaze and perhaps repel him, but thousands of brilliant minds are now dedicated to their advancement. The votaries of the associated technologies foresee a great future for themselves and their children—provided their claim on a cut of the national resources is recognized and the holocaust which would end it all can be avoided.

The Vietnamese war forecloses that claim, invites the holocaust, and is a disgrace to a nation with the professed ideals of the United States. Even if they do not agree with this characterization, or are indifferent to the moral aspects, on the first two grounds alone the space people would be well advised not to go along blindly with the apostles of destruction. At least for the time being, the interests of the space community run parallel with those of the liberals—the prophets scorned—who opposed the Vietnamese involvement from the outset.

The Sick Alliance

Vast quantities of printer's ink and air time are devoted to the deterioration of NATO, while the more or less equivalent organization in our own hemisphere, the Alliance for Progress, gets much less space in the newspapers and practically no time on the air. Yet the latter may be as important as the former in its long-term consequences, and the Alliance is doing just as badly as NATO. The resignation of the so-called "nine wise men" is symptomatic of the sickness that seems to afflict our coalitions everywhere.

The men who comprised the panel at its dissolution were supposedly impartial technicians who could advise the Alliance on economic questions. At a meeting in Buenos Aires in March, the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, still another arm of the Organization of American States, voted to reduce the panel of nine to five and to subordinate it to the Inter-American Committee on the Alliance for Progress. Thereupon Romulo Almeida of Brazil resigned in protest against the subordination of the panel and "trends within the alliance." The other eight waited, then resigned *en bloc*. One member gave a reason which seems to have influenced them all: the Alliance's trend from "multilateralism to bilateralism," the latter having been fostered, in his view, by the United States.

With so many committees, this development, like much else in the intricacies of the Alliance, could hardly have been deciphered by the normal newspaper reader, but the reality is not as complex as the appearance. The tendency of the United States, increasingly evident, has been to deal with Latin American nations bilaterally—the better, it has been said, to get them to agree to specific points relating to tax structures, control of inflation, and similar economic questions. And since, to the Latin American officials who were to execute the plans, these were political questions, the technical views of the Nine were often felt to be unrealistic. In this sense, the by-passing of the Nine was more or less unavoidable. But the outcome was nevertheless extremely damaging to the Alliance, and will weaken it further in the years ahead. The position of the Nine was that the United States should not deal with its Latin American friends

individually because, for one thing, it is too powerful and bargaining could never be on a basis of equality; for another, Latin American countries would not be averse to gaining advantages over their neighbors in such negotiations. The Nine felt that the United States should deal with Latin America collectively; then there would be at least the possibility of equality.

In a letter in *The New York Times*, Raymond Vernon, formerly acting director of the State Department's Office of Economic Defense and Trade Policy and now a professor at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, states the issue bluntly when he writes: "If our arrangements with the rest of this hemisphere are remotely to approach the shape of an alliance, negotiations must take place on a basis of less obvious inequality." Latin America, he says, "resents and fears the overriding power of the United States." Here, as in Vietnam, our very wealth and power frustrates our declared aims. From a long-term point of view, and in the interest of enduring "good neighbor" relations, this country should withdraw from the OAS. This would end once and for all the fiction that we are merely one of many member states and not the "colossus of the north" which in fact we are. Our withdrawal might make it possible for Latin Americans to bargain with us on more nearly equal terms, that is, if they bargained as an entity. Until they can deal with us through institutions of their own choosing, they will continue to hold us responsible for all that adversely affects their societies and economies.

Selective Death Sentence

The present "universal service" law was passed in 1963 for a period of four years—after twelve minutes of debate in the Senate. Had it not been for the Johnson Administration's escalation of the Vietnamese war, that law—despite all its inequities—would no doubt have continued to be accepted with resignation by the public and the academic community. The expansion of the war not only resulted in an expansion of the draft but made it potentially lethal: to be drafted might be a sentence of death.

For a sizable minority it meant something even worse—participation in a war for which they could find no moral justification. A revulsion was bound to come, and it is assuming proportions which may upset the elaborate justifications of the President and his advisers. The Selective Service deferment tests now under way have thrown into bold relief the inherent injustice of the Selective Service System and its basic antagonism to the aims of higher education.

The Selective Service System was in truth bad enough before the tests were inaugurated. It almost automatically exempted middle-class youths whose parents could afford to put them through college, and sent to war the disadvantaged and uneducated. The tests have only aggravated this situation. The type of intelligence required to answer these questions is that of the student who may never have an original idea in his life but who is adept at mechanical learning. The already excessive reliance on grades as a criterion of academic fitness now becomes a standard for survival. If the student knows that the area of a circle varies as the square of the radius (and a multitude of largely simi-

lar facts and figures), he stays at college; if he happens to be a poet or musician he is sent to the slaughter. Thus the initial favoritism based on social class is compounded with favoritism toward the utilitarian culture.

This is one of the points raised in a resolution on draft-deferment criteria passed unanimously by the academic senate of San Francisco State College, calling on its president to order the registrar to cease calculating or recording class standings and to deny the use of college facilities for the administration of the qualification tests. A similar protest movement is developing among university faculties in the Middle West, where 142 faculty members from a dozen or more colleges have issued a statement under the name of the Ad Hoc Committee for an Educators' Statement of Principle on Selective Service. These faculty members wish to "discourage the use of the institutions of higher learning as instruments of the Selective Service system."

All of which points up what *The Nation* has emphasized repeatedly before the present crisis arose—that Congress should investigate and overhaul the entire draft system before the present authorization expires next year. (See "Republicans and the Draft," March 14, p. 284.) It may be impossible to devise a really equitable system, but the public need not put up with arrangements under which an enormously successful Hollywood actor, very much in the news at the moment, is deferred because he supports his mother. It is surely within the capacity of the Pentagon and the Congress to devise a system that does not superimpose the outrages of the draft on the outrages of the war itself.

Another Johnson Gimmick

The President will probably get his way on the expanded loan-participation plan for which he has been cracking the whip with exceptional sharpness. The plan is one of those legislative gimmicks that will add millions to the taxpayers' burden but will no doubt improve the President's "image" as a great economizer and budget slicer. What the Administration seeks from Congress is power to expand sales of part interests in government-owned loans—loans, that is, that have been issued by various federal agencies. It would work as follows: the Federal National Mortgage Association would be permitted to sell certificates of participation in pools of loans made by other federal agencies. The government would continue to hold the loans and to bear the risk of default, but the proceeds which it received from the sale of the certificates would be regarded, for book-keeping purposes, as an offset to other federal expenditures; in some cases the government might make an outright sale of some loans. If Congress approves, the government would sell \$4.2 billion of certificates in the fiscal year starting July 1 and thereby appear to reduce the budget deficit by this amount.

No one seems to know just how much this form of financing would add to the carrying charge on the loans, but it would be substantial, for unlike Treasury bonds of more than five years maturity the certificates would not be covered by the long-standing 4.5 per cent interest ceiling. Ordinarily the Democrats are partisans of "low interest," but the President's arm twisting has kept them in line thus far.

Oddly enough, it has been the Republicans who have denounced the plan as a "gigantic crap game with the taxpayer as the only one who loses" and as a "federal hockshop." Once this breakthrough in indirect financing has been achieved, the Administration will no doubt proceed to make further use of the same device for the purpose of appearing to minimize the deficit. It is estimated that about \$33 billion in negotiable bonds of federal agencies could be marketed to private investors in this fashion. It is indeed a nifty gimmick: the deficit will appear to be reduced, private investors will be cut in on a nice security market, and an additional burden will be placed on the taxpayer for the sake of improving the President's "image."

The Johnson-Connally Axis

For more than a decade the aggressiveness of the Texas liberal movement has been an inspiration to other Southern liberals who have wanted to organize and assault the conservative Democratic establishments. But this month's primary election clearly shows that that inspiration is now gone: the movement is moribund; as a cohesive group, the Texas liberals have been put to flight and the laggards chopped down.

President Johnson's political protégé, Governor John Connally, a corporation conservative, is in control. His victory was as easy as it was complete. Only one liberal came even close to winning an important state-wide contest; he is in a run-off for the office of attorney general but is not likely to win. The liberals had talked of organizing to fight for control of the precinct conventions, with the goal of winning party machinery and thereby being in a position to work at least part of their will in the next Presidential election year. But there was no leadership for the scheme. While Connally's forces went quietly to work months ago to safeguard their domination of the precincts, the Governor's blood enemy, liberal Sen. Ralph Yarborough, went sailing off to Australia and left his backers floundering from lack of direction.

The big oil companies, the industrialists of Houston and the bankers of Dallas and the insurance companies have not since the early 1950s gripped the reins of Texas government with such assurance that they would not be bothered by tax reforms or labor safety legislation. Elected to a third term this year, Connally will have his appointees in every seat on every one of the state's 200 boards and commissions. Connally men will hold five-sixths of the House seats and a majority of the Senate seats. Nothing can transpire in Texas politics in the next two years without his personal approval.

Massa Jim in Trouble

Four times in the last ten years, civil rights bills have passed the Senate, but it was always done by first assuring a vote in one of two ways: (1) putting the bills directly on the Senate calendar as soon as they had passed the House, or (2) sending them to the Senate Judiciary Committee with a fixed return date. In other words it was generally conceded that if some precautionary steps were not taken, civil rights bills would never get out of Sen. James O. Eastland's

Judiciary Committee. Over the years, more than 100 civil rights bills have died there.

Why, then, did the Administration balk at getting a guaranteed date for the return of its latest civil rights legislation (stiffer penalties for assaulting Negroes; fair housing, etc.), as Sen. Jacob Javits requested? The best guess is that President Johnson is doing his old friend Jim Eastland a big, big favor. A civil rights bill bouncing out of Eastland's committee would not do him any good at home, in Mississippi, where he is facing opposition this fall from Republican Rep. Prentiss Walker, who is calling Eastland (such is the madness of Mississippi politics) an integrationist. Mississippians would not understand that a fixed-date bill could not be controlled by Eastland; they would only understand that he didn't stop it. This could mean deep trouble for him.

The nervousness, if not fear, Eastland feels this year is also indicated by his new burst of name calling and subversives hooting, always good in an election year. He has been "exposing" the names of persons who participated in "sing-ins for peace" at Carnegie Hall, and has proposed the improbable restriction of not allowing Americans to leave

the country unless they get an exit permit from the State Department—an idea that Congress will doubtless receive as did *The Washington Post*, which called it "a dandy little scheme for converting the land of the free into one vast continental concentration camp."

None of this is to be taken seriously. It is the frantic action of a man who is not accustomed to opposition, and who panics in the face of it. The pressure comes not only from Walker but also from a gallant band of Negroes who are fighting Eastland on his home soil, right there in Sunflower County, and who appear likely to win.

Registered Negro voters in the city of Sunflower now outnumber whites by ten. That's all, just ten. But if they stick together and do not yield to the threats they hear daily, they can elect some Negro in the special court-ordered municipal elections. Imagine Negroes actually serving in city government in Eastland's own county, that "land of the tree and home of the grave," as Fannie Lou Hamer calls it! No doubt in the minds of many Mississippians Eastland would again be credited with having somehow failed his homeland. Things do look grim for Massa Jim.

ONCE MORE THE YELLOW PERIL

C. P. FITZGERALD

Mr. Fitzgerald teaches Far Eastern history at Australian National University. He is the author, most recently, of The Third China (F. W. Cheshire, Ltd.). His other works on the country where he lived for twenty-five years include China: A Short Cultural History and Floodtide in China.

Toward the end of the 19th century, when the Manchu Dynasty was clearly tottering to its fall, the peoples of Europe and to a lesser extent the American people also, became obsessed with a curious myth of their own imagining, the Yellow Peril. China was seen as a menace; its large population, potential resources, outmoded pretensions to a world supremacy which it had once exercised in its own smaller sphere, all these aspects of China were deemed a latent, indeed almost a present, threat to the peace of the world and the balance of power. Vast hordes of armed Chinese were pictured as about to flow over the frontiers of the surrounding countries, ultimately pouring on into Europe itself. Another flood of Chinese "living off the smell of an oily rag" would, unless immediate steps were taken, migrate into the New World and into such countries as Australia, where they would oust the white settlers and colonists, or reduce these unfortunates to destitution. Analogies with the Mongol invasions of the 13th century were cited as clear evidence of the danger. The fact that these Mongols were not Chinese but the conquerors of China was not seen as relevant.

It may now be thought that this myth had a common enough psychological explanation: it was not China that was then engaging in aggressive wars but those who feared it, and their aggression was frequently directed against

China itself. The mental trick of picturing the victim of an attack in the role of the cruel and dangerous assailant is an established mechanism for diminishing a sense of guilt. In reality the Chinese had more cause to see a White Peril, and they still do. It was the peoples of Europe who had forced their way into the Far East, seized bases, extorted concessions, invaded China, and at the turn of the century proposed to establish spheres of influence which were clearly understood to be blueprints for future colonial acquisitions. When these activities finally roused the Chinese people, in the Boxer Rebellion, to a movement of blind xenophobic fury, the myth was held to be proved to the hilt. Had not the Chinese people and their Manchu sovereigns attacked, massacred and driven out all foreigners they could find? Was not this the beginning of that vast assault upon the West which had so long been predicted?

When China proved to be on the contrary so weak that a relatively small international expedition was easily able to take the capital itself and drive the Manchu court in headlong flight to the far interior, the alarm somewhat subsided. The danger was not so imminent as had been believed. Napoleon was quoted—"China is a sleeping giant"—but the corollary that sleeping dragons should best be left alone was not accepted. The Western peoples, now joined by their apt pupil, Japan, proceeded to poke and jab at the recumbent form of China until, at last, the dragon did awake—with a roar.

The Second World War brought forth a new form, or rather inversion, of the myth. China was a great power, one of the Big Four. It had to be. At that time the Western peoples were at war with the other powerful independent Asian nation, and those nations which they held under colonial

rule were hostile and restless. It was essential, therefore, that one great Asian nation should be on the right side, thus disproving the Japanese claim to be fighting Asia's battles against Western invaders. But the new form of the myth had no more substance than the old one. China was not a great power; it was a weak, distracted and economically backward state, in the midst of a long revolution, threatened by civil war as well as by an invasion which had overrun two-thirds of the country. This became apparent at the end of the war, but the fiction nevertheless had to be maintained, since otherwise there would have been no major Asian nation with a permanent seat on the Security Council of the United Nations. India and Indonesia were not yet independent; Japan had been conquered and occupied.

Twenty years later, it seems we are now once more faced with the Yellow Peril, this time more lurid than ever, in red robes. China, it is alleged, aims to dominate the world. Once again the vast hordes will roll forward across the frontiers, and (somehow leaping the seas) overwhelm our civilization, imposing a Chinese rule that is rendered the more obnoxious by being Communist. It is a fate worse than the prospect of Stalin's victory, for we now have a choice not of being Red or dead but of becoming both Red and yellow or dead. After all, the Russians are white men.

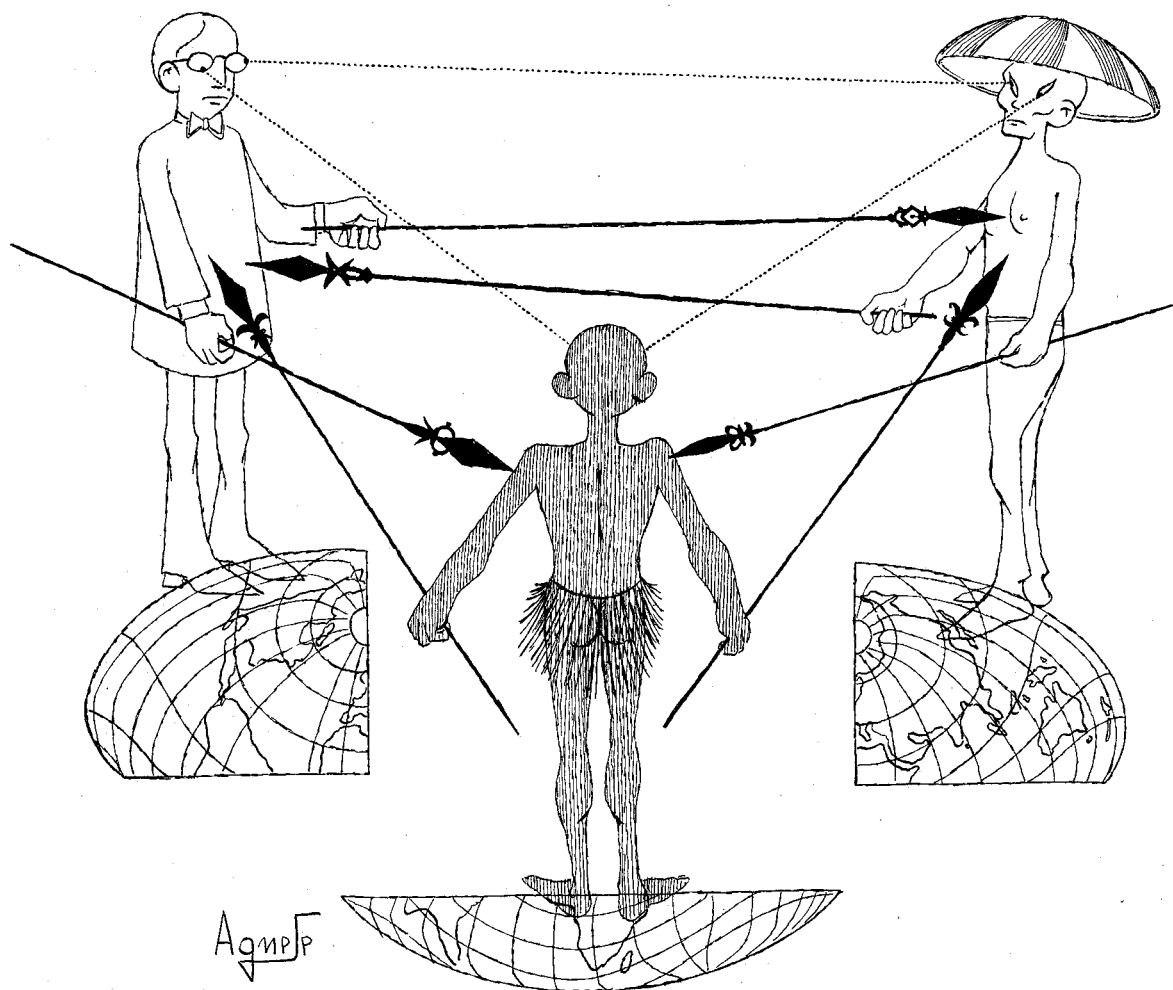
Since the allegation that China seeks to dominate the world is made by responsible statesmen, who furthermore pretend that this aspiration has a real chance of being achieved, it is as well to examine the facts objectively and try to discover how much substance there is in the new Yellow Peril. What, for example, is meant by "dominate"? If this is to be taken as implying an ideological conquest of the rest of the world by the type of communism that China seeks to promote, it is already clear that the Chinese are up against formidable opposition. Their erstwhile comrades, the Russians, are just as much or more threatened as the Western capitalist countries.

To dominate the world in this ideological sense China must first convert all the Communist countries to its own interpretation of Marxism-Leninism—the "Thought of Mao Tse-tung." Only then can it hope to lead the underdeveloped regions in an assault upon the advanced societies that alone could effect the domination of the world. Russia and most if not all of the Communist countries of Eastern Europe (Albania excepted) do not take the Chinese side in this dispute. China has the support of some very small and weak Communist parties in such countries as New Zealand, where the possibility of a Communist government is extremely remote, and the more doubtful support of the Communist governments of North Korea and North Vietnam, both of which are in direct contact with American military power and consequently might be dependent on Chinese protection. In Africa the political forces now dominant are not Communist but nationalist, and there is a tendency for Communist influence, both Chinese and Russian, to diminish in the independent countries of that continent. In Latin America, the only Communist state, Cuba, now openly takes the Russian side. In western Asia, Chinese pretensions to leadership of the Communist world are coolly received, and in all those countries the Communist parties of either complexion are out of power and their leaders in jail.

In short, the Chinese are a long way from dominating the world in an ideological sense, and even if their interpretation of Marxism were more popular than it is, the triumph of an ideology depends on the minds of men being moved to accept it, not upon the policies of national rulers. The powerful kings and emperors of 19th-century Europe were all opposed to democracy, but by the end of the century democracy was everywhere triumphant in their dominions. There is very little reality in the fear that Chinese Marxism will similarly sweep the world. To most peoples it appears too closely linked to Chinese national interests to pass muster as a world-wide credo. The broad movement of opinion in the underdeveloped countries is certainly toward Socialist solutions, but these take local forms and seem only to succeed insofar as they are identified with national characteristics. That, after all, is what happened to communism in China itself.

The ideological Yellow Peril is thus a myth that dissolves under analysis. But the fear that China will try to dominate the world rests on other grounds. The real danger, it is now claimed, is that China is becoming a great military power. Even if the Communist world rejects Mao's leadership, and the rest of the world shows no inclination to follow his teaching, China's potential power may yet threaten us all with naked military conquest. China has tested three nuclear devices. In a few years it will possess a delivery system capable of devastating attacks upon its enemies. The assumption is that it would at once use such power, just as it used to be feared that if the Manchu government could arm the huge population of China with what were then modern weapons, the "hordes" would once again sweep across Asia into Europe. It used to be forgotten that the European nations and also Japan already possessed far superior armaments to those which they feared China might one day acquire. It now seems to be ignored that the United States, Russia, Britain and France are all nuclear powers with weapons systems far more developed and perfected than any experimental Chinese armament; that all these nations, and several others besides, have an industrial economy far more developed than that of China, capable of very rapid adaption to war production, and in addition have naval and air forces in overwhelming superiority to those of China. It is in fact very doubtful whether the disparity between Chinese military power and that of its potential opponents is not greater today than it was in 1900. The difference in China then and now is not in military power, but in the political condition of the country.

A decrepit empire on the verge of revolution was a menace to no one but itself: a revolutionary regime that has reorganized society, reunited the country, and taken some of the first important steps toward industrialization and modernization is no longer a danger to the survival of the Chinese nation, but this does not make it at one bound a danger to other nations. By any objective standard, the idea that China can expect to dominate the world by military power is unrealistic. On the other hand, the same considerations make it plain that China can from now on maintain the security and safety of the Chinese state, except in the extreme situation of a nuclear world war—in which, it must be added, no other nation would be in any better case.



Marshal Lin Biao's well-known analogy between the guerrilla war in China and the present world situation, the view that the great industrial Western nations are the "cities," the underdeveloped countries the "countryside," and that the "cities" will be surrounded by this "rural region" and ultimately forced to capitulate, has been interpreted as a clarion call for world revolution. It can be equally well explained as a warning to the Chinese not to expect too much of the revolutionary movement in the world today. It took more than twenty years for the guerrilla war to attain victory in China; this wider war must be expected to last much longer, even if the analogy were really valid. But the "countryside" of Lin Biao's speech is not in fact a homogeneous nation suffering similar oppression from one corrupt incompetent government. It is a great number of peoples, large and small, with varying traditions and cultures and under many forms of government. There is no real reason to suppose that all these peoples would act in concert, and much evidence to show that they are unlikely to do so. If China cannot exercise ideological leadership in this vast area, and certainly cannot deploy military power adequate to control it, then the analogy with the guerrilla war against the Kuomintang is as unreal as the Yellow Peril myth.

Even in 1900, the Western powers shrank from the illimitable prospect of occupying and conquering all China. They preferred to coax the Empress Dowager back to Peking in the hope that a subservient and chastened dynasty

would preserve sufficient order for commerce to prosper under the cover of Western military and naval power. The Japanese found the conquest of revolutionary and disorganized China an endless and unprofitable venture. This lesson has been learned; the angels now fear to tread where fools rushed in. The true objective situation in its military aspect is a stalemate. China could not dominate the world or even any large part of it with its present or immediately potential military power; a Western conquest of China is an impossible assignment, and even the limited invasion of the 19th century could not now be repeated.

The fear that China could promote an ideological movement of proportions that would give it world domination, or the twin fear that China could conquer a great part of the world by military power, are thus illusions. The reality that remains is the apprehension that, sooner or later, China will evict the Western nations (and this means, in effect, America) from all positions of influence and power in eastern Asia. It is indeed very probable that this is regarded by the Chinese as their long-term objective; it conforms not only with their conception of the national interests of China but also with the possible limits of Chinese leadership in a part of the Communist movement. This aim is also consistent with the Chinese view that the real peril is the White Peril, and that there can be no peace until the Western peoples recognize that the 19th century is history, that eastern Asia is China's natural sphere of power, that

Western ways are unwelcome, Western domination intolerable and in the long run bound to disappear.

The real peril is the propensity of mankind to believe in such myths: the West imagines dangers which do not exist; the Chinese cherish myths which have no magic for other peoples. Objectively considered, the Yellow Peril is a myth which justifies policies toward China which are out of date and unprofitable, and soothes the frustration and disap-

pointment of the West as it slowly adjusts to the changed situation in eastern Asia. For the Chinese, the myth of the world-wide guerrilla war continues a glorious tradition, satisfies the need to reassert China's position, and restores its self-respect. "Let them hate, so long as they fear." The answer would seem to be to look fears in the face, find them unreal, and then realize that hate is therefore meaningless

THE WELFARE INDUSTRY

Social Work & the Life of the Poor

ROY LUBOVE

Mr. Lubove is a member of both the history and the social work faculties at the University of Pittsburgh. He is the author of Progressives and the Slums (University of Pittsburgh Press) and Professional Altruist (Harvard University Press).

Much has been written lately of social work's "disengagement from the poor," and what Saul Alinsky has termed the "welfare colonialism of the social welfare industry." But has it ever been otherwise? That is, has the social work system ever been geared to enhancing the political power of the poor, or to encouraging decisive measures of income redistribution? The ideological and institutional heritage of American social work has not equipped it for many of the tasks demanded by the war against poverty. A dove cannot be expected to become a hawk—at least not overnight.

The problem, historically, is not simply the literal detachment of social work from the poor, but a reluctance to concede (implausible as it sounds) that the commodity desperately needed by the poor is money. The main thrust of social work, especially before the 1930s, must be understood in the context of the American work culture and a commitment to private and voluntary support of charitable enterprise. These decisively influenced the response of social work to the poor, and blocked efforts to deal with poverty as an issue of income maintenance and redistribution.

Organized social work emerged in the 19th century to reinforce, not to protest against, the imperatives of the work culture. Private relief and charitable agencies attributed poverty in a land of opportunity to character defects—notably, to improvidence, ignorance and intemperance. Their mission was to rehabilitate the character of the poor through personal influence and service. The first requirement of the poor was "not alms, but a friend." It was not merely the right but the civic duty of the successful to help acculturate the immigrant and working-class poor. Otherwise class, ethnic and religious differentiation would undermine the stability of the republic. The primary responsibility for socialization, however, belonged to private agencies; public welfare could only pauperize and demoralize through the prospect of readily obtained material assistance. Robert W. de Forest, noted philanthropist and president of the influential New York Charity Organization Society, thus explained: "If the duty of helping their less fortunate neighbors were taken off the shoulders of those who are able to

help by having the city or state assume that burden, much of the neighborly intercourse between the poorer and the richer would cease. Public outdoor relief makes for a class separation and the enmity of classes. Private charity makes for the brotherhood of men."

Brotherhood, for all practical purposes, meant the assimilation by the poor of work incentives and disciplines. Their salvation, and that of American society, depended upon the diffusion of middle-class behavioral norms which assured economic mobility: thrift, sobriety, ambition, zeal for self-improvement and, not least important, fear of the consequences of dependency. Far from dedicating itself to the goal of economic security, American social work throughout most of its existence has embraced a deterrent psychology which expected work motivation to arise from fear and the "despair of unemployment, disease and underfeeding." As a social worker at the turn of the century observed: "The working classes are willing to provide for themselves if an unwise charity does not offer a bonus for incompetence."

Few Americans probably realize that long before the depression of the 1930s the American Association for Labor Legislation tried heroically but futilely to institute a comprehensive social security program. The movement flourished in the decade following 1911, when the first workmen's compensation statutes were enacted in this country. Inspired by the achievements of Bismarck and Lloyd George, it attempted to establish income maintenance programs which operated independently of the unpredictable, penurious and humiliating poor laws, not to mention the genteel friendly visitor from the private charities.

Sponsors of the American social insurance movement sought, through a vast enlargement of the public welfare sector, to provide protection against the long- and short-term risks which affected the worker's income—accident, sickness and maternity, old age and invalidism, unemployment and death (resulting in dependent widows and children). Contrary to conventional wisdom, social insurance experts presumed that income security was the pivot of any modern welfare system, and that it was necessarily a public responsibility. Their logic was simple. Survival depended upon work, but work was not always available. Although income could be interrupted at any time, financial obligations remained constant, or might even become heavier

in times of adversity like sickness. It was necessary, therefore, to create new welfare institutions which guaranteed a measure of income continuity, and which did not expose the individual to the indignities of private or public charity. It was not a question of character, morality, incentive or the other traits prized by social work, but of the realities of poverty in a wage-centered, capitalistic society.

Apart from workmen's compensation and mothers' assistance legislation, the first social security movement failed miserably. The constraints of the American work culture proved too powerful. Equally important, the work culture was rooted in a broader value complex suggested by the term "voluntaryism." By this was meant the right of citizens to define and pursue their goals in free association. Voluntaryism made possible limited government, maximum liberty and free enterprise. Social security, statist in orientation, was incompatible with voluntaryism and, therefore, with democracy itself. Private social work, which viewed itself as a vital expression of the voluntary tradition, usually favored minimal government initiative in its own sphere.

Social work is criticized today for having adapted its service structure in recent years to a middle-class clientele. Yet if poverty is interpreted as a problem of income redistribution requiring substantial changes in the institutions and power relationships of American society, social work has never identified with the poor. Its detachment from the economic realities and pressures which pervaded the lives of the poor was reinforced in the early 20th century by a growing preoccupation with professionalism. This ultimately made psychiatry the key to social work knowledge and function. Professionalism and psychiatry did produce one major change. Intervention in the lives of clients had been justified in the 19th century on grounds of an assumed personal superiority; in the 20th century it was justified by the expert techniques, allegedly acquired through

formal education. What remained the same over the years was the emphasis upon case work and counseling services, now geared to the agency's image of itself as a repository of psychiatric wisdom. Since the needs of the poor are often concrete, immediate and material, it is not surprising that the traditional social work system and the poor have experienced a breakdown in communication.

But the detachment of American social work from the economic realities of poverty explains only half the story. Dissident social workers and others who did struggle for public income maintenance programs in the past confronted opposition as well as indifference. Isaac M. Rubinow, the social insurance expert, writing on the eve of the great depression, complained that "social workers almost dread to admit that they deal with poverty—only with maladjustment, which, we are glibly told, may just as frequently arise in any economic stratum."

If poverty did not exist, or if it was rooted in personality problems, there was no need for government programs which might shift the balance of power and influence from the private to the public welfare sector. We could continue, as Rubinow put it, to "sweep away the ocean of human misery with a charitable broom." The depression finally made clear that voluntary institutions had been assigned a responsibility they could not meet—"to serve as a substitute for, and to the exclusion of, a broad program in dealing with poverty, misery, distress, and economic maladjustment." Until the 1930s voluntaryism was the American substitute for a genuine social policy, and long delayed the establishment of public programs in income maintenance, housing, medical care and other fields—programs instituted decades earlier in Europe.

The Social Security Act of 1935 and subsequent developments greatly enhanced the role of the public welfare sector, but the influence of the old traditions remained potent. Indeed, the most masterful achievement of the Social Se-



Reginald Marsh

curity Act was to provide a small measure of economic security for selected risks, with a minimum of income redistribution. We have no better authority on the limited purpose intended for the social security system than Edwin Witte, director of the technical staff of the Committee on Economic Security. Social security, Witte explained, was not designed to "modify the distribution of wealth and it does not alter at all the fundamentals of our capitalistic and individualistic economy." The absence of government contributions to old-age and unemployment insurance suggests the act's fiscal conservatism, limited conception of function and emphasis upon keeping the program as closely work-related as possible.

Today, no less than in the 1930s, our social security system is best understood as an effort to provide some economic security without significantly affecting income distribution; it is thus to some degree an exercise in futility. Excluding education, public social welfare expenditures in 1962-63 totaled \$43 billion, approximately 7 per cent of the GNP. In dollar volume (\$25 billion) and in percentage (4.5), expenditures for social insurance programs overwhelmed the rest. Health and medical services, and veterans' programs, followed at 1 per cent each; then public assistance at 0.9; and miscellaneous welfare programs at 0.3. In effect, the American social security system is predominantly organized around the contributory social insurances, which are comparatively regressive in terms of the tax burden imposed upon lower income brackets.

On the other hand, private benefit plans have advanced rapidly in the United States, and these are the most regressive social welfare measures of all because of their links to employment stability, seniority and upper echelon personnel. Finally, the United States does not compare favorably with other industrial countries in the percentage of its GNP devoted to welfare purposes. These considerations, quite aside

from the circumscribed benefits provided by the statutory programs, suggest that the American welfare state is woefully underdeveloped by income-maintenance criteria.

The public welfare system has, in large measure, been shaped in the image of private social work, with its traditional concern for work motivation, rehabilitation and "services" in lieu of economic support. A good example is the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964 and the general tendency of the war against poverty to concentrate upon measures which will enhance the individual's productive potential. Public welfare has inherited from the voluntary sector, and the American work culture, a suspicion of any direct income-maintenance function. Since the days of the mothers' pension struggle in the early 20th century, public officials have parroted the therapeutic rhetoric of private social work in order to justify their role. Income maintenance was not seen as sufficient reason for a public welfare system. The public sector also had to perform the superior tasks of case work and rehabilitation (as encouraged, for example, in the Public Welfare Amendments of 1962). The result is a public sector that lacks the funds and resources for either function, but whose frustrated personnel is nonetheless expected to combine the roles of investigator, clerk and case worker.

The American social welfare system—private and public—has never been equipped to deal with the poverty that is a product of income deprivation, pure and simple. The poor might benefit if private social work devoted more effort to financial therapy, and if public agencies became less apologetic about the income-maintenance function as an end in itself. To face up to the economic realities which govern the life of the poor, however, is to confront the hard questions of power and income redistribution which have been evaded historically by a stress upon social work's service role. It may even be unfair to ask a dove to become a hawk.

ALABAMA'S 'RESTORATION'

Sword in the Heart of Dixie

JOHN BEECHER

Mr. Beecher recently returned to Alabama from California. He is now teaching at Miles College (Negro) and writing a book on the South under contract from Macmillan.

Birmingham

Dismay at the outcome of the most dramatic race in Alabama's Democratic primary on May 3—that in which Governor Wallace's wife Lurleen won a smashing victory over nine opponents (including two former governors)—should not be allowed to obscure the real significance of the election, and the hope it offers for the future. The sickly myth of white "moderation," which rejected the racism of Wallace at the same time that it deplored every civil rights gain and obstructed the implementation of Negro equality, died on May 3.

With the Voting Rights Act less than a year old, the long-

submerged Alabama Negro made one of the most spectacular advances in American political history. And this advance is irreversible; the Negro will not be turned back. It is not his object to take over the state; he is a minority there, and it would be beyond his power even if it were his desire. Alabama, however, is going to have to come to honest terms with him.

In less than a year, the Negro has increased his proportion of the registered electorate in Alabama from 5 to 17 per cent, and should soon approach his maximum potential of 25 per cent. This potential strength is strategically distributed, constituting a big majority in the rural Black Belt, and ranging as high as a third or more in the important urban areas. Although the Negro's favored gubernatorial candidate, Attorney General Richmond Flowers, came in a bad second to Lurleen Wallace, it should not be overlooked that Flowers, with few supporters besides Negroes,

was second. The "moderate" former Congressman Carl Elliott, although enjoying heavy Administration support from Washington and the endorsement of the state AFL-CIO, ran further behind Flowers than Flowers was behind Lurleen. State Sen. Bob Gilchrist, a conservative anti-Wallaceite endorsed by the Birmingham newspapers as the safe and sane bet, was simply nowhere. The same was true for businessman Charles Woods and the former governors, John Patterson, who won his office by "out-segging" Wallace in 1958, and two-term Jim Folsom, now a bedraggled Populist legend whose principal claim to our grateful memories is that he gave George Wallace his political start in life. The three last-finishing candidates, Todd, Powell and Gore, were invisible men.

Outside the gubernatorial race, where the black vote put Flowers in second place and the white "moderates" fell on their faces, the Negro voter made himself decisively felt throughout the state, placing no less than eighty Negro candidates in races for public office in his first real campaign since Reconstruction. A large number of these survived and will face white opponents in the Democratic run-offs scheduled for May 31. The Negro's accomplishment is the more amazing in that he made his first great political impact on the state in the face of sabotage, slippery double-dealing and actual fraud on the part of white electoral officials. Attorney General Katzenbach's 300 poll watchers professed to find the May 3 election to be clean and above-board, but they couldn't have been watching very vigilantly. The NAACP Legal Defense Fund attorneys on the ground accused voting officials in four counties of trying to hamper or prevent Negroes from exercising their voting rights. "Most of the things we feared would happen have happened today," said NAACP attorney Fred Wallace in Birmingham on May 3.

Lurleen's slender margin of victory—about 36,000 votes out of 888,837—was made possible by the *de facto* disfranchisement of bona fide registered Negroes who were deprived of their votes in sundry ways. In "imperial Jefferson" alone (the county is co-extensive with metropolitan Birmingham and contains a fifth of the state's people, 40 per cent of them black) the votes filched from Negroes went far to boost Lurleen over the critical 50 per cent mark, and to spare her a run-off against Flowers.

For specific background to the May 3 primary, one may turn to Martin Luther King's annual civil rights progress report appearing in *The Nation* for last March 14. "In the most important county in the South, where the city of Birmingham is located," wrote King, "every form of sophisticated evasion was employed" to block Negro registration and nullify the Voting Rights Act locally. "We had to organize daily demonstrations, to face again police brutality, and to arrive almost at the brink of another holocaust, before the Department of Justice finally acceded and appointed federal registrars."

With this intransigence on the part of local officials, conjoined with federal reluctance to make the law good, what was to be expected on election day but more of the same "sophisticated evasion"? This took the form of a massive and intricate impeding of Negro voting. Although the officials have it smoothly rationalized as "inevitable" in view

of the heavy registration, the claim is specious. White voters suffered nothing like the same treatment, except in instances where they were so unfortunate as to be assigned to heavily Negro polling places, such as in U. S. Steel's company town of Fairfield. A white woman seeking to vote at the fire station in the dingy steel mill suburb of Ensley took a look at the long lines of patiently waiting Negroes and told an officer in indignation, "If they can't furnish me a white box to vote in I'll just go home." So Lurleen lost one vote in a process that must have cost Richmond Flowers many thousands.

This was the procedure at the Negro polls. The hopeful voter first stood in line to be identified. When the poll worker finally located his name on what was sometimes a badly scrambled list, he received two tickets of divergent color, one entitling him to vote on the state and federal machine, the other admitting him to the county machine. With these tickets, he went to the foot of another line and inched his way toward the state and federal machine. When this ballot was cast—a difficult enough performance since no less than 109 names appeared on it, with 109 levers to match—he went to the foot of a third line and waited some more in order to vote for county offices.

Negro polling places were mostly in crammed fire stations under the hostile eyes of the all-white Birmingham fire department, or in the rudimentary gyms of dilapidated Negro grammar schools. Interiors were jam-packed with sweating bodies, while lines looped and doubled around one another, stretching for blocks down adjoining streets. Nothing whatsoever had been done to get ready for the flood of newly registered Negroes beyond the crowding in of some more voting machines. Sites that had been adequate to accommodate a few hundreds in prior elections were utterly swamped by crowds ranging up to 5,000. Although this had been foreseen, not a single additional polling place was got ready.

The tenacity of black voters not only gave Flowers second place in the governor's race but, even more important, insured a place in the run-off for every one of the four Negroes among the sixty-four candidates for the state legislature from Jefferson County. An ingenious gerrymandering arrangement in the recent court-approved reapportionment scheme set up a number of "places" for the State Senate and House without reference to geographical area within the county. This makes it practically certain that no Negro candidate can possibly be elected to a seat, since in each case he will be matched against a white person in the run-off. Should he win that by some fluke, he would have to meet another white opponent in the general election unless the Goldwater Republicans change their racist spots. It takes courage for a Negro candidate to run under these loaded-dice conditions. None can win in the foreseeable future. Yet four offered themselves, all men of intelligence and high qualifications.

The election results in the Black Belt, while somewhat mixed and occasionally contradictory, again reveal the Negro's spectacular ascent toward political power in less than a year. One Negro candidate for the legislature, attorney Fred Gray of Tuskegee, was believed actually to

have won the nomination in his gerrymandered district (which includes Governor Wallace's home county of Barbour). At that juncture the Governor, with his customary magnanimity, announced that he would not vote for Gray in the general election. Wallace denies that he is a racist but he cannot bear the thought of seeing a single black face in his all-white legislature. However, he need not worry. Barbour County officials turned up enough white absentee ballots, at first unreported, to euchre Gray out of the nomination. He will scarcely survive the run-off against a white man.

Manifold electoral irregularities and discriminatory procedures were reported from Black Belt counties. The case of the six Negro ballot boxes which Sheriff Jim Clark and his cronies on the Democratic Executive Committee of Dallas County sought to throw out was perhaps the boldest piece of business. A federal judge has impounded these boxes to forestall the destruction of the ballots as Clark and his confederates had planned. It is doubtful that Wilson Baker's nomination as sheriff can be undone in the outrageous fashion which was attempted.

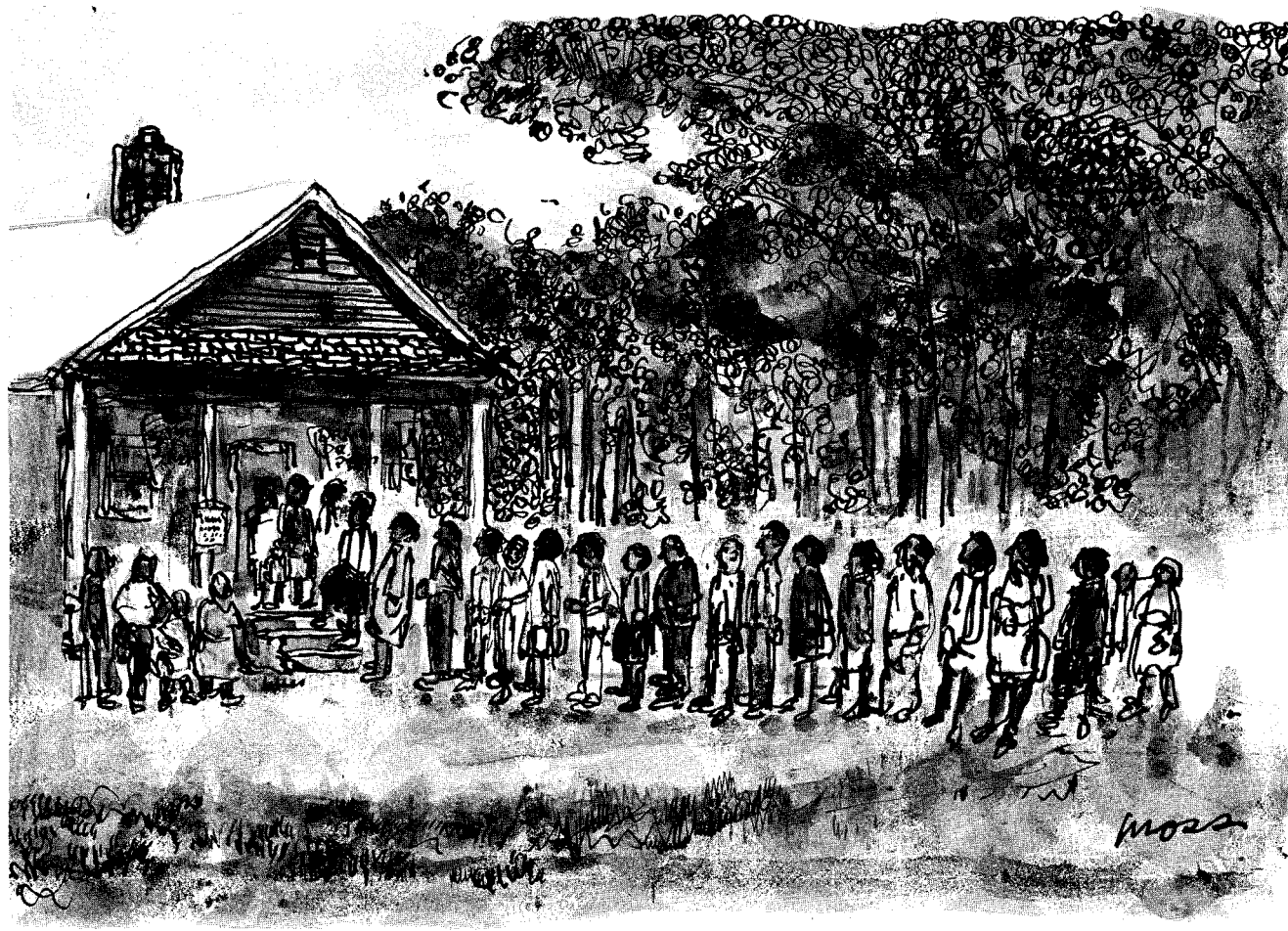
Among other Black Belt irregularities was the mass mix-up in Dallas County, which hardly looked accidental, whereby 400 or 500 Negroes were assigned to the wrong polling places. Turned away there, they milled about the courthouse in Selma all election day without finding out where they were supposed to go. In Bullock County white mistresses accompanied their cooks and maids into the booths and benevolently supervised their voting. White election officials in several counties "helped" black illiterates

to vote. Poll watchers were forbidden to observe closely the exact nature of the "help." In Dallas County, white plantation foremen lounged about rural polling places, watching the lines of sharecroppers and wage hands, whose faces poured sweat in anxiety under the hard gaze of their riding bosses.

Other irregularities were reported from Wilcox, Greene, Choctaw, Barbour, Sumter and Marengo Counties. In the latter county, Hosea Williams of SCLC reported that only 1,600 Negroes out of a potential 6,000 went to the polls. Such mass abstention was perhaps inspired by a fear of reprisals.

A special situation developed in Macon County, which has by far the largest "black bourgeoisie" of any rural Alabama county because of the location there of Tuskegee Institute and a largely Negro staffed Veterans Hospital. Professor Charles Gomillion's Macon County Democratic Club, a Negro organization, enjoys considerable prestige because of past achievements, but today is criticized as excessively cautious and collaborationist with the white minority which has traditionally lorded it over Macon Negroes. [See "Murder in Tuskegee: Day of Wrath in the Model Town" by Arnold S. Kaufman, *The Nation*, January 31.] Gomillion's club supported several white incumbents against Negro opponents on the ground of superior "experience." It also endorsed the "moderate" Elliott against the "nigger loving" Flowers, but was unable to stem the tide of Negro support running toward Flowers, who outpolled Elliott 2,849 to 1,901.

The Macon County Democratic Club did, however, ex-



tend an "expression of preference" to Negro Lucius Amer-son, who appeared almost from nowhere to challenge Sheriff Harvey Sadler, the personal appointee of Governor Wallace, and two other white candidates for the sheriff's office. Amerson made it into a run-off with Sadler and stands an excellent chance of winning both nomination and elec-tion. In three other Black Belt counties, Bullock, Perry and Hale, Negro candidates for the crucial sheriff's office will appear in the run-offs; two of them almost polled a majority on the first ballot.

In "bloody Lowndes"—so dubbed long before last year's murders of Mrs. Viola Liuzzo and the Rev. Jonathan Daniels, the open season on Negroes having endured unbroken there for a century and a half—the "Black Panther" third party was born on the eve of this primary. When the Selma to Montgomery March passed through Lowndes last year, there wasn't a black voter in the county although 80 per cent of the residents are Negro. Today, 2,000 Negroes are registered, approximately the same number as the whites, and the figure continues to rise. More than 900 of these

held a convention at Hayneville on May 3 and chose candi-dates for all open county offices. These black candidates will oppose whites in the November general election. Asked what he thought his chances were, the "Black Panther" candidate for sheriff, World War II veteran Sidney Logan, Jr., replied, "I don't go out to lose." If mass-based organiza-tions like the "Black Panthers" (they are beginning to arise in other Black Belt counties) can actually win elections, the policies of the Macon County Democratic Club will have to be updated.

The short-run prospect for Alabama is for more set-backs like the Wallace victory on the state level and in the reapportioned but racially gerrymandered legislature. How-ever, for Alabama politicians, race baiting is going to be out and even George Wallace will discover it in time, re-constructing his demagoguery to fit the new conditions. He has done it before. Meanwhile, the Negroes will continue to progress at the grass roots, winning office after office in the Black Belt, and becoming a sword in the "Heart of Dixie."

CANADIAN JUSTICE

The Ordeal of Steven Truscott

ELLEN STAFFORD

Miss Stafford is a free-lance journalist for the Canadian press and television.

Toronto

The announcement by Solicitor General Pennell that the case of Steven Truscott will be reviewed by the Supreme Court of Canada constitutes a victory of considerable mag-nitude, though it falls short of the remedy called for by Isabel LeBourdais, author of *The Trial of Steven Truscott*. Mrs. LeBourdais, pointing out that the Supreme Court of Canada had previously refused to allow an appeal of the case, calls for a Royal Commission with the widest terms of reference.

The book was published by McClelland & Stewart in March, and has run up a record sale. More important, it touched the conscience of a nation and stimulated a coun-try-wide movement for a reopening of the case. Questions were asked repeatedly in Parliament and it became plain that some form of investigation would have to be ordered—all the more so since early in April that same Parliament had by a narrow margin voted to retain the death penalty.

Steven Truscott is alive today because he was only 14 when he was condemned to death for the rape-murder of a 12-year-old girl. If he had been 17 he would be seven years dead, instead of seven years a prisoner. Mrs. Le-Bourdais' book raises uncomfortable questions about the treatment of the boy from before the discovery of the girl's body right down to the present—for Steven Truscott is now being pressed by prison psychiatrists to confess to the deed, as a condition of parole. He says at 21, as he said at 14, and as he has said with unswerving consistency

throughout all the years since his trial, that he did not com-mit the crime for which he was convicted.

The setting was an RCAF station near the small town of Clinton, in southwestern Ontario, near Lake Huron. Tues-day, June 9, 1959, was a day with temperatures in the 90s; it was hot all through the bright moonlit night. Lynne Harper ate supper in a hurry, cross because her parents wouldn't take her swimming, and just before seven o'clock went off without saying where she was going.

Steven Truscott's mother called him in at six and sent him for coffee before the store closed; she reminded him that he had to be home before 8.30, because his parents were going out and it was his turn to sit with the younger children. After he got the coffee, Steven rode his bike along the county road to the bridge over the Bayfield River, and back to the park area, and talked with friends there.

At the park Lynne saw Steven on his bike, and adult witnesses say she went over and sat on his front wheel and it seemed that she was doing most of the talking. Steven said she asked him to give her a ride to the highway about a mile and a half away, so that she could hitch a ride. She was going to see the man who kept the ponies, she told him, out on Highway Eight.

They walked out of the park together, and at the county road she sat on the handle bars of Steven's bike and they headed north toward the highway. A boy named Richard Gellatly, returning from the river, passed them on the county road at about 7.25, he said. As they crossed the bridge, a boy named Douglas Oates looked at them and said "Hi"; Lynne smiled at him, he testified later. They rode on to the highway. A few minutes later, Gordon Logan saw Steven come back alone and stand on the bridge watch-

ing the others in the water below. As he lingered on the bridge, Steven says, he saw a car stop, back at an angle into the county road and pick up Lynne. Recalling it later, he described the car as a gray, 1959 Chevrolet. He thought it had a yellow or orange license plate. It went off east, in the direction of Seaforth. While he was on the bridge he was seen also from some distance by Allan Oates, who remembered noticing Steven's bright red jeans.

Just before eight o'clock Steven was back in the park area. His friends kidded him: "What did you do with Lynne—feed her to the fishes?" "I took her to the highway, like she asked," Steven told them. At 8.25 he got home, calling to his mother cheerfully: "Hi, Mom—I made it." He stayed with the children for the rest of the evening, watching television.

Lynne Harper, however, did not come home that night. Next morning, hearing that Steven had seen her the previous evening, her father asked him what had happened, and Steven told him Lynne had asked to be taken to the highway so that she could hitch a ride. She said she was going to see the man with the ponies, on Highway Eight. A gray sedan picked her up and went east toward Seaforth.

Mr. Harper had talked to the RCAF police the night before, when Lynne failed to return. Now he went to them with Steven to see if he could remember more details, anything Lynne had said that might provide a clue to her whereabouts. Steven repeated to the police what he had told Mr. Harper.

The girl's description was broadcast, and cars with yellow or orange license plates were stopped at border points. (A bridge to Port Huron, Mich., is an hour's drive from the base.) A small group of RCAF officers searched the wooded area just east of the county road. And an RCAF policeman visited "the man with the ponies." The man said Lynne had been there several times, but he hadn't seen her the previous night. His name is indicated as Mr. Hodges, and he died a few months ago. He was not called as a witness.

On Thursday, with Lynne Harper missing for the second day, the police questioned Steven for the fifth time. Who had seen him with Lynne at the bridge, they wanted to know, and he told them. They questioned the other children. Douglas Oates told them he saw Steven riding Lynne on his handle bars; he remembered that he'd said "Hi" and that Lynne had smiled. Gordon Logan also said he saw them ride over the bridge, and that Steven came back alone a few minutes later. Allan Oates told of seeing Steven's bright red jeans.

The police now organized a thorough search. Two hundred and fifty RCAF personnel spread a wide net, starting at the school and moving north through the O'Brien farm on the west side of the county road and the Lawson farm on the east side.

The Lawson farm had an area of woodland next to it, generally referred to as Lawson's Bush. It was here, just before two on Thursday afternoon, that the child's body was found, about 27 yards from the northern edge of the bush, where Lawson's tractor trail separated the woods from the farmer's north fields, and about 93 yards east of the country road. She had been brutally raped, and strangled, apparently with her own blouse which was knotted around

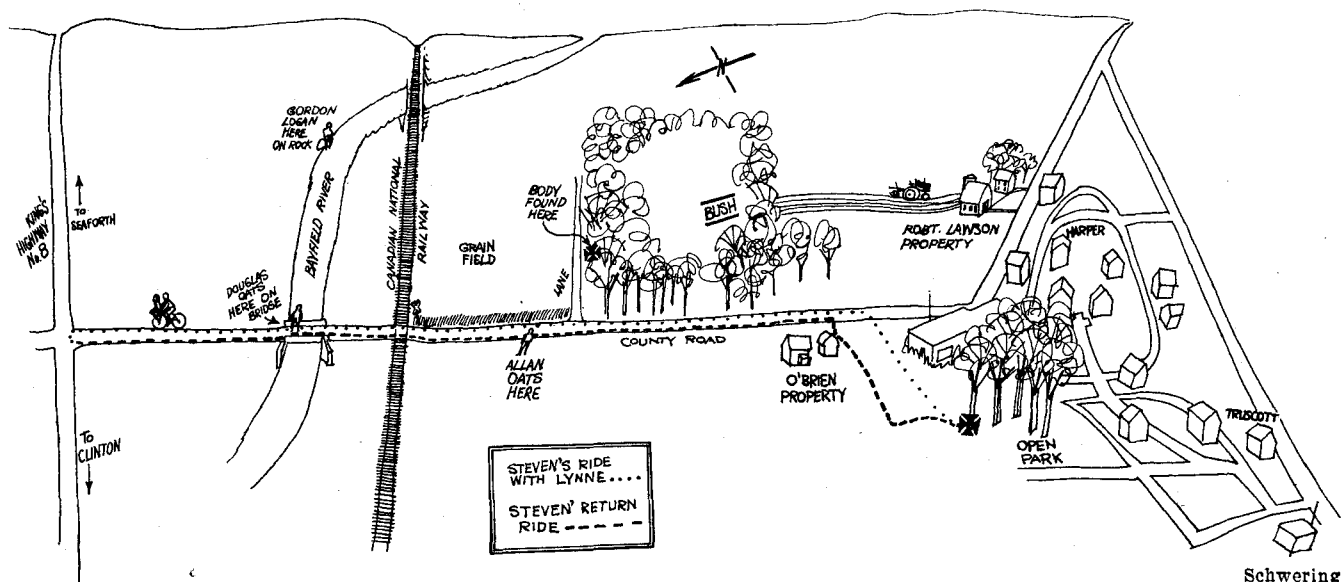
her neck, although the right arm was still in the armhole. Lynne Harper's nightmare of terror and brutality had ended in death. Steven Truscott's nightmare was about to begin.

Clinton is a town of some 3,500 in Huron County. The district was first settled in 1828 by industrious British and German immigrants, hand-picked by "Tiger" Dunlop and the Scottish novelist John Galt to take up The Canada Company offer of land for a pittance in what was then a primitive bush—The Queen's Bush, it was called, or The Huron Tract. "It is impossible to find 200 acres in the whole territory which will make a bad farm," Dunlop reported in his early survey, and certainly within a generation the descendants of those first impoverished settlers had achieved a solid prosperity. (Stratford, in adjoining Perth County, has become widely known for its Shakespeare Festival Theatre.) The background of industrious virtue and good living is perhaps not entirely irrelevant to the story of Steven Truscott, for the people of the county, it is said, were outraged that so terrible a crime should have been committed within its borders. That the Truscotts were "outsiders" was perhaps also relevant. Press stories from that time and the reactions today among the people of Huron County give some credence to Mrs. LeBourdais' charge that panic and haste to punish the person responsible made a travesty of Steven Truscott's trial.

The Provincial Government of Ontario must have caught some of that atmosphere, for it offered a reward of \$10,000 for the killer, "dead or alive"—a phrase more common in TV Westerns than in criminal investigations. The official district pathologist came from Stratford and performed the autopsy in a small room at the undertaker's in Clinton. From examining the stomach contents with the naked eye, he set the time of death—between 7.15 and 7.45 two days earlier. The time checked exactly with the time of Lynne's last ride on Steven Truscott's bike.

Next morning a police inspector arrived from Toronto, the provincial capital. Steven was questioned, with a stenographer recording his answers, but with no safeguarding of the boy's rights. That evening he was picked up after supper as he was helping with the chores at the Lawson farm. Without his parents being consulted, he was driven to the county seat at Goderich, and there signed the typed account of his replies given that morning. Then for an hour and twenty minutes he was questioned in a fruitless effort to obtain a confession.

It needs to be repeated that no legal protection had been given the boy, nor had his parents been advised of his whereabouts. About 9.30 in the evening he was driven back to Clinton and taken to the RCAF guardhouse. His father, told then that the boy was being questioned, asked to be allowed to take Steven home for the night. This appeal was refused, and the questioning went on until 3 A.M. Steven, in a state of exhaustion, still maintained he was innocent. But he was not allowed to go home to bed. At that time, in the middle of the night, he was driven back to Goderich, still without a charge being laid. The father had been asked to consent to a physical examination of the boy: the doctor discovered that Steven had a "sore" penis—whatever that meant was not made clear in evidence later. He had had the condition for several weeks, Steven said; he didn't know what caused it. Medical evidence for the



defense, later, was to quote eminent authorities on rape to prove that rape injuries had never been seen in such a place (not at the head of the penis, but at each side of the shaft). But at that time and in that place, a raped girl and a boy with a skin irritation added up to only one possible conclusion: the boy was guilty.

Steven Truscott was remanded and returned to jail four times before prosecutor Glenn Hays, Q.C., got an order for his trial for murder as an adult, under Section 9 of the Juvenile Delinquents Act, which provides that a child over the age of 14 may be charged in ordinary court, "but such course shall in no case be followed unless the Court is of the opinion that the good of the child and the interest of the community demand it."

The prosecution's case rested chiefly on the examination of the girl's stomach contents, from which the examining doctor concluded she had died no later than two hours after eating her supper. Defense witness, Dr. Berkley Brown, a specialist in diseases of the digestive tract, contended on the other hand that the stomach contents had been digesting for at least three or four hours. Since the charge against Steven could stand up only, if death were established as taking place between 7.15 and 8.15 P.M. on that hot summer evening, Dr. Brown's conflicting opinion might be considered as providing the shadow of a doubt, to say the least.

Mrs. LeBourdais gives in her book excerpts from the judge's charge to the jury to prove that no shadow of a doubt was held to exist. Witnesses who had seen Steven riding Lynne to the highway were discredited and brow-beaten. The jury, bringing in a verdict of guilty, with a strong recommendation for mercy, clearly had not been advised that for a rape murder the only penalty must be the ultimate one.

Another strong point for the defense dealt with the scene of the crime. Was Lynne in fact murdered where the body was found, within hearing of dozens of adults and children who were swimming and moving on the county road during the time the crime was alleged to have taken place? The girl's vagina contained considerable sperm but not a drop was spilled on the ground near by and beneath her: did

this not argue that she had been raped and killed elsewhere, and then carefully brought back in order to divert attention from the real place of death?

The possibility of Steven's guilt cannot be ruled out, of course—whether he is guilty or innocent, only he and one other living being knows. But the ease with which the possibility of his innocence seems to have been ruled out in September of 1959 is what now engages the attention of not only the average reader of *The Trial of Steven Truscott* but of members of Parliament and forensic experts both in Canada and in England, where the book was published simultaneously. England's Lord Chancellor has taken the extraordinary step of offering, through Victor Gollancz, the British publisher, the testimony of England's leading forensic authority, Prof. Francis Camps, who contends explicitly that "the time of death clearly should have been admitted as subject to considerably wide limits, for stomach contents are notoriously liable to wide variation in digestion and emptying . . . whilst clearly from the medical findings the murder *must* have taken place elsewhere. I should be prepared to support this in writing or in evidence."

Solicitor General Pennell points out that the Supreme Court procedure has changed since its earlier consideration of the Truscott case, so that it is now able to consider both the law and the facts. He states also that it will consider further evidence "far beyond the usual role" relating to procedure, and that the government will pay Truscott's expenses. It may therefore be expected to conduct a thorough review of the handling of the case and an evaluation of the medical evidence.

This will not be the end of the matter. For however the forthcoming inquiry decides, thinking Canadians will continue to feel a deep uneasiness about what happened and how it could have happened, and why it was a layman who wrote a book drawing attention to the case, and not a legal expert. While it is totally admirable that now and then an author is moved to cry *J'accuse*, the bitter fact remains that through the long years of Mrs. LeBourdais' laborious examination of the case, through draft after draft

and revision after revision, Steven Truscott has been imprisoned.

That the letter of the law succeeded in silencing those who questioned its findings accounts in part for the lack of an outcry. At the preliminary hearing, and even before, newspaper and word-of-mouth accounts of the case against the boy were public property and community gossip. When it came to the trial itself, however, the defense asked for a ban on publicity in view of the defendant's age. The judge concurred—although he did not clear the court either of journalists or of spectators.

The Stratford *Beacon-Herald* comments in an editorial of April 2: "It may be profitable to recall that proceedings of the Truscott trial were not reported by any news media except word of mouth. . . . At the end of the trial, the result was published, but an appeal was taken, and there could be no published comment, no expression of opinion, until the higher courts had disposed of the case. Thus hundreds of persons in the courtroom from day to

day heard the proceedings through two weeks, and discussed them with perfect freedom, while the press was muzzled by the judge's ruling."

Thus it is only now, with the appearance of Isabel LeBourdais' book (to be published by Lippincott in the United States this summer), that we learn of expert medical testimony refuting the prosecution's estimate of the time of death, and contending that the murder did not take place where the body was found.

At the time, a general assumption of the boy's guilt seems to have emanated from the trial. When the Ontario Court of Appeals refused to reverse the conviction, and later, the Supreme Court of Canada declined to act, the general impression grew that the boy must be guilty. There was an outcry against the death penalty, and the sentence was commuted by the government to life imprisonment. There the case of Steven Truscott might have rested if Isabel LeBourdais had not had a son of the same age and found the case disturbing and been unable to rest.

MEDICARE

PROMISES AND PITFALLS

SELIG GREENBERG

Mr. Greenberg is the author of The Troubled Calling: Crisis in the Medical Establishment (Macmillan). He is the winner of two medical journalism awards.

"Medicare," President Johnson said recently in one of his periodic outbursts of Populist exuberance, "need not just be for people over 65. That is where we started." In off-the-cuff remarks at a bill-signing ceremony in Texas, the President disclosed that he would like now to extend the concept to children under the age of 6. He suggested as a starting point for this age group a program of dental and optical care.

The *New York Times*, which these days often finds itself considerably to the left of the President, remarked editorially that it was puzzled by "the tie-up between this medical counterpart of Operation Head Start and an old-age insurance plan rooted in the social security principle of employer-employee contributions built up over a lifetime. There is much to be said for a national health insurance plan covering all Americans, but it should be considered on its merits—not through patchwork additions to medicare."

There is indeed much to be said for assaying an all-inclusive national health insurance plan, impractical though it may be politically for the time being. But what the President as well as the *Times* failed to note, and what most Americans have yet to realize on the eve of the advent of medicare, is that we are already well on our way to a publicly financed system of medical care for large segments of our population of all ages. "Our next great legislative battle," Dr. James Z. Appel, president of the American Medical Association, told that organization's House of Delegates last fall, "could well concern itself with government participation in the financing of the health care of 175 million

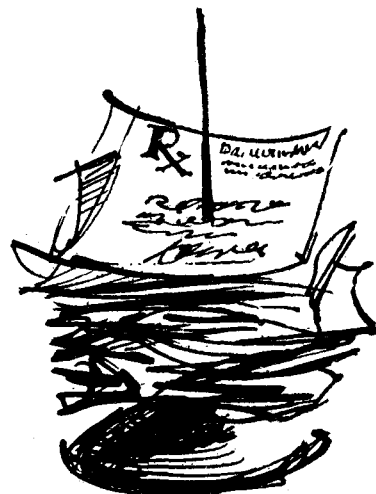
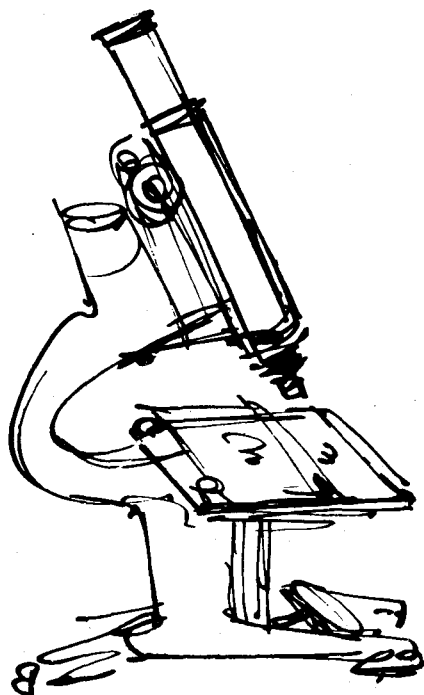
people under the age of 65." But the monumental piece of omnibus health legislation enacted by Congress last year suggests that the full-scale battle may never be fought. Piece-meal progress rather than head-on collision is the dominant style of our political system, and experience has shown that it achieves in the long run pretty much the same results.

Although the medicare law was widely debated in and out of Congress for a number of years, we are only now beginning to perceive some of its tremendous implications. There is little question that its impact will be felt quickly on the whole spectrum of our medical and hospital services, their methods of performance and standards of quality. It will greatly step up the pace of change in the organization of these services, and the role of government in health will make itself increasingly felt through a judicious pooling of tax support with the mechanism of social insurance. While the growing partnership between public and private enterprise in the medical-care field will to a large degree utilize existing voluntary agencies, it is probable that these will be more and more subjected to government controls in the interest of greater economy and better quality.

The medicare act is a double-barreled proposition. Attention so far has been focused on its Title 18, which provides hospital and medical insurance for the aged under the social security system; but Title 19 is at least as significant, and much more is certain to be heard about it in the next few years. Title 19 not only sets higher standards for state medical programs that care for those on public assistance and for the "medically indigent" aged; it also requires the states to furnish equivalent services to many others of all ages who are not sufficiently needy to be on relief but who cannot pay their medical bills. An inducement to the states is an increase in federal aid, which in

the case of the poorer states will be as high as 83 per cent. Moreover, the states have little choice in the matter, for if they fail to expand the scope and raise the quality of their medical-care programs, they will forfeit federal aid altogether. The law sets as the minimum for state programs the provision of hospitalization, outpatient hospital services, X ray and other laboratory services, skilled nursing-home care, and the services of physicians in the office, home or hospital. Many of the states do not now furnish anything like this full range of services, but they will have to start doing so by July 1, 1967, and thereafter steadily expand their programs, if they are to continue to receive federal aid. Medical indigence is a wide-open concept, and the number of children and adults qualifying for free health services under this category may eventually far exceed those covered by the insurance for the aged. I. S. Falk, one of the principal designers of the Truman administration's abortive national health insurance plan, and now a professor of public health at Yale School of Medicine, has estimated that Title 19 will shortly cover about 10 million persons and that it may ultimately apply to as many as 40 million.

It seems obvious from this prospect that every facet of the medical-care industry—every hospital, almost every doctor's practice, all of the state-run health programs, as well as the voluntary health insurance plans—is due for sweeping alterations. In the first place, the benefit provisions of the medicare act will probably be progressively liberalized. The program as it now stands is expected to cover only about 60 per cent of the average medical costs of the aged, and there is little doubt, judging from the history of social security, that the benefits will be gradually raised. Nor can it be assumed that the revolution in financing health care will be confined to the aged and the needy. In fact, there is every reason to suppose that a democratic society will not for long so favor one population group over others. The present age limit of 65 reflects no mystically valid dividing line for health benefits, especially since many people under that age are already eligible for a variety of



social security payments. Pressure is therefore likely to grow for successive lowerings of the medicare age limit and, unless voluntary health insurance is providing far more adequate benefits, for its eventual extension to the entire population.

One of the interesting aspects of the tooling-up period for medicare has been the change in attitude, on the surface at any rate, of organized medicine. After suffering the worst defeat in its history, the AMA has adopted an air of resignation and sullen acquiescence. Its new posture suggests that the doctors finally recognize the inevitability of increased government participation in the health field. They also have more positive reasons for the shift of tactics. Explaining the AMA's decision to participate in discussions on the administrative setup for medicare, Dr. Appel said that "we must take every action possible to preserve and strengthen the freedom of decision-making by physicians and to insure that the harmful effects of medicare will not be placed upon our shoulders." Translated into plain English, this means that the AMA has finally discovered that it can protect the economic interests of its members far more effectively by wire pulling than by trying to slug it out in Congress.

Both Titles 18 and 19 guarantee doctors payment of "reasonable charges," and hospitals full reimbursement of the costs of their services. These guarantees can easily undermine the fiscal integrity of the new programs if the federal government does not establish rigid standards and insist on the right to review periodically the components that make up the costs. State and county medical societies have been busy in recent weeks compiling schedules of average fees for various medical procedures. Fearing that such fees will be frozen once they are adopted, many local specialist groups and individual physicians are reported to have been boosting their charges in order to make a case for a higher level of payment: not only will doctors be paid in future for some services which they now render free of charge or at reduced fees but they will also collect more from their regular patients. In other words, what was not so long ago pictured as a deadly threat to the cherished principle of free enterprise in medicine is shaping up as a vehicle for further swelling incomes in the medical profession.

And the medical consumer will not be helped by the fact that in most places the Social Security Administration has selected Blue Cross as fiscal agent for Part A of medicare, the basic hospitalization and nursing-home program, and Blue Shield for Part B, the optional medical insurance program. While these voluntary health insurance agencies will be administering medicare under regulations set by the federal government, they will apparently be allowed considerable latitude in determining local fee schedules for doctors and in supervising reimbursement procedures for hospitals. Blue Cross plans are still dominated in many places by hospital representatives, and Blue Shield plans are usually controlled by medical societies. Unless they are subjected to strict federal controls, serious conflicts of interest may arise; the purveyors of medical services would, in effect, be setting their own charges.

The Social Security Administration appears to have adopted a somewhat permissive approach in an effort to mollify the doctors and hospitals and secure their cooperation. But many pitfalls lie ahead. Dr. Albert W. Snoke, executive director of Yale-New Haven Hospital and a former president of the American Hospital Association, recently predicted that hospital costs, which have been rising at the rate of 5 to 7 per cent a year for the past two decades, may reach \$100 a day by 1975. A continued upward trend in the costs of all areas of medical care is made inevitable by the forward march of science and rising pay scales of health personnel.

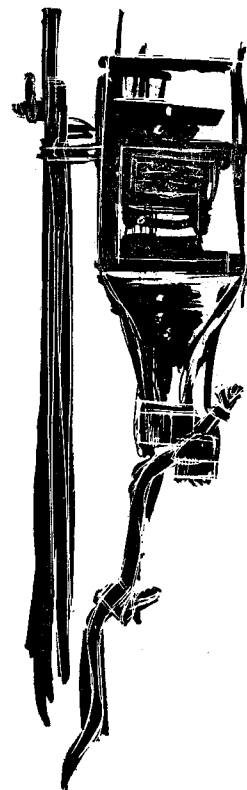
This does not mean, however, that we must resign ourselves to an uncontrolled inflationary spiral by agreeing supinely to reimburse the suppliers of hospital and medical services at whatever level they themselves see as proper. On the contrary, it makes it all the more imperative that governmental powers be used to reform the antiquated structure of our health procedures so that we pay the lowest price consistent with high-quality care. There is considerable room for reorganizing hospital operations in the interest of greater economy, and for deploying our limited supply of physicians more efficiently.

High on the list of essential measures in the hospital field (measures that are resisted because they would invade the traditional autonomy of the voluntary hospitals) are community and regional planning to eliminate wasteful duplication of plant and equipment, more precise tailoring of facilities and services to the needs of patients, and the institution of a seven-day week to make the most of costly equipment that is now usually idle over weekends. Doctors can lower their charges, first of all, by delegating their simpler tasks to machines and to nurses and other technicians. Beyond that, medical efficiency must be improved through wider resort to group practice with its pool of skills and equipment. While most doctors cling to an archaic form of piecemeal remuneration, specialization and the emergence of the hospital as the main focus of care make imperative a far greater coordination of disciplines within the medical profession and the auxiliary health occupations. That the AMA has by no means abandoned its obstructionist posture is shown by its opposition to pending Administration-sponsored legislation for federal aid for the construction of group practice clinics.

Given the continued acceleration of the population growth, authorities predict that the nation's health facilities will have to be doubled within the next three decades merely to maintain the present level of services. The problem becomes much larger if existing gaps are to be closed and pace is to be kept with advancing technology. And it is made still greater by the shape of our population curve. Nearly 40 per cent of Americans are now under the age of 19, and about 10 per cent over the age of 65. These are the most vulnerable groups from a health point of view and the most demanding of medical services. They constitute a multiplier factor which will place increasing strain upon our medical resources.

The framers of the medicare law wisely provided for alternatives to costly hospital care in the form of nursing-home and home-care services. But many, if not most, of the available nursing homes fail to meet even minimum standards of trained personnel and services. The United States Public Health Service reported in 1964 that the U.S. has only 325,000 "acceptable" nursing-home beds as against a need for 840,000. A considerable proportion of general hospital beds is now occupied by long-term patients who could be discharged if they were assured of adequate nursing-home facilities. The severe shortage of nurses is one part of the problem. Also the nursing homes must be brought firmly into the structure of community health services through closer relationships with hospitals. Similarly, the still largely unexploited possibilities for home-care services imply cooperation with hospitals.

Overshadowing all other needs is a coordinated and expanded plan for training physicians and other health personnel, along with a gradual reorganization of medical practice to provide more effective teamwork among doctors, and better employment of the ancillary professions. Such



planning must be geared to the changing patterns of medical services and take account of the changing nature of disease and its social consequences.

The Johnson Administration is aware of these essential needs, and the capable team recruited by Dr. William H. Stewart, the Surgeon General, has made it clear that it intends to pay much more attention in future to the promotion of more and better medical services. John W. Gardner, Secretary of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, was instructed by the President earlier this year to

conduct studies "to determine the most effective means of bringing high-quality medical services to all the people at the lowest cost." Mr. Johnson reiterated a few weeks ago that if we are to furnish "the quality and quantity of medical care of which this nation is capable," steps will have to be taken to provide "better health facilities, more doctors and other health personnel, and better utilization of health personnel." Some legislation along these lines is pending, but many more things will have to be done if brave words are to be translated into aggressive action.

LETTERS (continued from page 602)

have been prevented from doing so—often by the very agencies assigned to making the benefits of welfare available. Honest men cannot be distinguished from dishonest merely by examining the contents of their pockets.

The Editors.

economy after Marx

New York City

DEAR SIR: Jules Henry in "Capital's Last Frontier" [*The Nation*, Apr. 25] focuses perceptively on the life-or-death problem of present-day capitalism and its need to export capital or make new foreign investments in order to exist. What amazes me is that Mr. Henry, either knowingly or unknowingly, does not state that his central idea comes from the political economy of Marx. Marxism is full of references to "exported capital" in lieu of commodities, in the era of "finance capital. . . ." Borrowed ideas can be good ideas, especially if they come from Marx, but I am afraid that when Jules Henry introduces his own prognostication to the effect that: "therefore, we must look forward to an existence as an armed camp for perhaps the next hundred years. . . ." he loses sight of the reality that in our nuclear age capitalist economic problems, and the sociology flowing from them, will be resolved either to the betterment of mankind or its annihilation far before "one hundred years."

Irving K. Rolling

franchise lag

Edwardsville, Ill.

DEAR SIR: An important goal of education is good citizenship. In this connection it is necessary to build the proper attitude toward voting. Unfortunately, the overwhelming majority of high school graduates must wait three to four years before they can go to the polls. This delay provides ample opportunity for indifference to set in. It is time to seriously consider lowering the voting age to 18.

Richard Swerdlin, Asst. Professor
Southern Illinois University

peace candidates

Cambridge, Mass.

DEAR SIR: Your editorial (May 9) on "The Peace Candidates: 1966" in the coming elections was very much to the point. Only if we can transform our now diffused expressions of dissent into real political power can we hope tangibly to effect the course of peace or war for our country. The National Conference for New Politics . . . has been formed to provide financial and staff assistance to campaigns that speak clearly for peace in Vietnam and against a foreign policy that takes intervention as its logic. Already the National Conference has contributed heavily to Howard Morgan's primary race for the Democratic Senatorial nomination in Ore-

gon, and to Freedom Democratic Party candidates in Mississippi, as well as to some other contests.

The list of realistic and deserving candidacies grows each week. Rev. William Sloan Coffin, Dr. Spock, Si Casady and Julian Bond have just sent out a letter urging generous support to NCNP so that we do not fail our most crucial tests for lack of funds. Contributions should be sent to the conference at 1800 Wyoming Avenue, N.W., Washington, D. C.

Martin Peretz
Harvard University

Department of Consumers

Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: I want to congratulate you on your April 25 editorial, "Bilking the Public."

The entire problem of consumer representation deserves greater attention. On the one hand, we are confronted with the economic and political power of organized producer groups. . . . On the other hand, the American consumer cannot find adequate means to organize on his own behalf. . . .

For this reason, I have introduced legislation in Congress, on which the House Government Operations Committee is presently holding hearings, to create a cabinet-level Department of Consumers. Such a Department would be empowered to intervene on behalf of the consumer in economic decisions and hearings before regulatory agencies. It would seek and process consumer complaints regarding commercial and trade practices. And it would provide an information clearinghouse on economic matters of direct importance to the American consumer. . . .

Benjamin S. Rosenthal
Member of Congress

quiet ship

Encino, Calif.

DEAR SIR: There has been opposition to, and support for, the appointment by President Johnson of composer Meredith Willson to a national council on the humanities, and by California's Governor Brown of actor Joe Flynn to a state fine arts board.

To understand these appointments, one must first understand the context in which they are made. Both Willson and Flynn are endowed with considerable talent, leaning more toward journeyman craftsmanship and less toward creative artistry. Neither exhibits flashes of genius. History will not list them among the "greats."

On the other hand, there is little likelihood that either, as appointees, will suggest any radical proposals, ask any embarrassing questions or exhibit any nonconformist tendencies or attitudes. . . . In other words, no one will rock the boat. . . .

Nita Narr

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The 23rd Congress: No More Angry Shouts?

ALEXANDER WERTH

Today the most favorable conditions have been created in our country for creative artistic and literary work. The Plenary Session of the Central Committee of October 1964 not only put an end to subjectivism in political and economic matters, but also to an administrative approach and to angry shouts in the guidance that the Party gives to artists and writers.

It was "Katya"—Comrade Furtseva—the Soviet Minister of Culture, who said these words at the 23rd Congress. Furtseva had been such an intimate friend of Khrushchev's, it was expected she would automatically lose her important job following his overthrow. The Western press reported several times in the last eighteen months that she was on the way out. Instead, like dozens of other speakers at the Congress, Furtseva squarely condemned Mr. K's "subjectivism" (the accepted description of Khrushchevism) and even suggested that, in literary and artistic matters, there were to be no more "angry shouts"—a clear reference to Khrushchev's wilder harangues, such as the one on "abstract art" at the Manège exhibition at the end of 1962. And by "administrative" measures against artists and writers she no doubt meant the arbitrary internment of a few writers in mental homes, or the deportation of the poet Joseph Brodsky to a *kolkhoz* in the far north after a particularly phony trial in Leningrad.

Furtseva seemed to be on the defensive. She had had, during the previous days, long talks with some of the Western Communist leaders, among them Luigi Longo and Waldeck-Rochet. They acquainted her with the reaction of Italian and French Communist intellectuals to the tough verdict in the Siniavsky-Daniel trial. Speaking a few days before at the Congress, Longo, the Italian leader, had pointedly remarked that the Italian Communist Party firmly stood for cultural freedom. And although Waldeck-Rochet refrained from touching on this sore subject, all the Russians knew that Aragon (himself a member of the French party's Central Committee) had vigorously condemned the trial, and had done so with the approval of the French Communist leadership.

Furtseva alluded to the trial as vaguely as possible:

It is one thing when errors are made unintentionally or as a result of a complicated creative process; but it is a different thing when people profoundly alien to our cause deliberately and malevolently slander our Soviet reality. Such an attitude can only arouse the anger and condemnation of our people. But nobody is going to dictate to the writer or artist how he should work, or what techniques he should use. No one and nothing can do any such dictating—except his own conviction, his own civic conscience and, above all, his sense of responsibility to the people.

Obviously, Furtseva could not disassociate herself from the Siniavsky-Daniel verdict. In spite of that, her speech was the most liberal made at the Congress.

In view of its international repercussions, some of the party leaders (among them Furtseva) apparently regarded the Siniavsky-Daniel trial as a major mistake. It is significant that not a single member of the Writers' Union volunteered to testify against the accused at the trial; and, finally, two nonentities—Vasiliev and Kedrina—were asked to play that unenviable role. If "Stalinites" like Gribachev or Dolmatovsky or Alexander Prokofiev refused this honor, it was because they knew that "public opinion" (and it is something that *does* exist, especially among the intellectuals) would have turned sharply against them. The Writers' Union later went on record in favor of the verdict; but that was only an inevitable formality.

Strangely enough, the publication of the Siniavsky and Daniel books abroad was not, in itself, held against the authors. *Doctor Zhivago* had been published abroad, and Pasternak, though harassed and insulted, had not been sent to jail. Anna Akhmatova's *Requiem* had also been published abroad without objection; this tragic poem about the Stalin purges, though not published in Russia, has been circulated in thousands of typed or mimeographed copies. But the Siniavsky and Daniel books were in a different category from either *Zhivago* or *Requiem*: Daniel's *Moscow Calling* and *Man from Minap*, for instance, are satires on the Soviet system itself. To the Soviet authorities, Siniavsky's and Daniel's books are a danger signal: they are an expression of the cynicism and disillusionment that have developed during the last few years.

The "religions" have faded: the Stalin

"personality cult" is now a thing of the past; so also is the patriotic uplift of the war years; and even the "prosperity" mystique, with its "communism in thirty years," of Khrushchev's "golden years" of 1956-59, has proved something of a soap bubble. American capitalism is going from strength to strength; China has done nothing but insult Russia; enthusiasm for aid to the ex-colonial peoples is lukewarm; what is there left to believe in, still less to be enthusiastic about?

The exploration of the cosmos is not enough to divert everybody's attention from Russia's domestic and international difficulties on earth. An artificial sentimentalization of Lenin seems incapable of filling this void. Lenin, after all, was surrounded by dubious characters like Trotsky, Kamenev and Zinoviev, and was then succeeded by a genius who turned out to be a criminal and by another near-genius who had to be fired for his "subjectivism," incompetence and amateurishness. This in itself is enough to account for much of the skepticism and cynicism reflected in the works of Daniel and Siniavsky, which represents an extreme view of the oppositionist intelligentsia. As an English paper recently remarked, one can be satirical about the incompetent *kolkhoz* chairmen and corrupt little bureaucrats, as *Krokodil* does with dreary monotony week after week, but to be satirical about the Soviet system *itself* is quite a different matter.

Thus, one comes to the unpleasant conclusion that the Siniavsky-Daniel trial was, in fact, an act of self-defense on the part of the regime. Will it be effective? Like Akhmatova's *Requiem*, Siniavsky's and Daniel's books are circulating in type-script all over Moscow and Leningrad; but not without the warning of the action taken against the authors.

That the hierarchy is worried may be seen from the extremely harsh tone adopted toward any kind of "oppositionism" at the 23rd Congress, and by the unusual number of speakers who devoted their time to literary questions. Sholokhov, apparently speaking less as a writer than as a party boss, seemed to have been commissioned to make a violent attack on Siniavsky and Daniel. If, he said, the tribunal had not been guided by the formal application of this or that article of the criminal code, but by a sense of revolutionary justice, as it would have been in the days of Lenin, then these fellows would

have been shot—and a good thing, too. And he added that he was ashamed of those who had tried to defend them (meaning men like Paustovsky), and of those who had found the verdict too harsh. And then (without mentioning Aragon), he launched an attack on the “bourgeois defenders of these traitors.”

Brezhnev was mild in comparison; like Furtseva, he stressed that there would be no “administrative coercion” in literary matters and no “arbitrary decisions.” The party would support “all art and literature affirming its faith in our ideals,” but it would wage a relentless struggle “against any manifestations of alien ideologies.” Socialist art, he said, was fundamentally optimistic; this, however, he hastened to add, did not mean that Soviet writers had to write only about the good things; there were many errors and shortcomings, and the party welcomed constructive criticism. But criticism was one thing, and slander was quite another. The creative intelligentsia, he declared, was “indissolubly linked to the people and the Party,” and the slanderers were only a few isolated individuals; the Soviet people could not allow such slander to go unpunished.

Was he, like Furtseva, on the defensive, too—after talking to the French and Italians? Or did he want to make it quite clear that if the Italians were playing at “polycentrism” then the Russians, too, could play the “polycentrist” game, and reject any interference from the fraternal parties?

Other principal speakers on literature were distinctly harsh and intolerant. G. M. Markov, the notoriously reactionary secretary of the Writers’ Union, condemned as absurd the notion that talent was the most important attribute and that a talented writer would inevitably work out his own salvation and acquire an “ideologically sound outlook and a proper sense of responsibility towards the people.” He protested against such an optimistic laissez-faire attitude.

V. I. Konotop of the Moscow Party Organization launched a sharp attack on the magazines *Novy Mir* and *Yunost* (as well as on certain Soviet films) which often “gave a distorted view of Soviet reality, gloated over certain errors and shortcomings, cultivated a skeptical and apolitical attitude and pointedly opposed the leaders to the collectives.” The attack on *Novy Mir* seems particularly significant; for it was this journal which has published Yevtushenko, Solzhenitsyn and other outstanding Soviet writers under Tvardovsky’s editorship.

But the most violent speech of all came from an unexpected quarter: from General Epishev, head of the Political Department of the Soviet Armed Forces. He demanded

that ideological propaganda among writers should be reinforced; and he significantly added:

All these carriers of the germs of uncommunist and petty bourgeois depravity do their harmful work under the banner (or rather the pretext) of (a) creative freedom; (b) an alleged struggle against the effects of the [Stalin] personality cult, or (c) in the guise of “defenders” of historical truth and factual accuracy.

In the name of “historic accuracy,” he said, these people tried to debunk the “heroic struggle of our party, people and army, the glorious military and revolutionary traditions of the older generations, to blacken Soviet reality, and to minimize the grandeur of our victory over German fascism in the last war.”

There were some curious sequels to the Congress. One was the decision not to award any Lenin literary prizes this year. Numerous scientists were given prizes, but not a single writer. Why? Sholokhov had spoken at the Congress with some disdain of the mediocre literary output in the past year, and had even quoted that old chestnut about the quantity of Russian books produced, as against their quality: “At Tula, the literary output, compared with 1910, is up by 2,300 per cent; in 1910 we had in Tula only one writer, Lev Tolstoy; now we have twenty-four writers.”

The real point is that all the works proposed for the Lenin Prizes were either anti-Stalinist (like Yuri German’s trilogy), or else “modernist” (like Voznesensky’s poems); and the prize committee obviously decided that, after all those Congress speeches, it had better award none at all. If awards went to the anti-Stalinists and the “modernists,” the party bosses would be displeased; if prizes went to the “conformists,” the committee would make itself ridiculous, above all in the eyes of the intelligentsia.

But more curious still was the sequel to General Epishev’s attack on “historicism.” What is “historicism”? The novelist Konstantin Simonov, author of *The Living and the Dead*, one of the best novels on the invasion months of 1941, and one of the most brilliant Russian pieces of retrospective reporting (warts and all), is a strong supporter of “historicism,” which is simply an attempt to deal truthfully with past events. Simonov includes in his novel an episode not mentioned in any official history—the Moscow panic of October 16, 1941. Certain army leaders are very hostile to such reporting. *Red Star*, the official organ of the Soviet army, attacked *Novy Mir* and Tvardovsky for having published *The Dead Feel No Pain*, a novel by Vasili Bykov. One of its characters is

a particularly odious “Stalinist” military bureaucrat who causes some of his soldiers and fellow officers to be unnecessarily slaughtered. (There is a similar episode in Simonov’s *The Living and the Dead*.)

Two days later, an even more violent attack of *Novy Mir* appeared in *Red Star*. Several famous army leaders, among them Marshal Rokossovsky, scolded the publication for an article by the critic Kadrin called “Legends and Facts,” in which certain “legends” were debunked. Kadrin wrote that the famous cruiser *Aurora* did not shell the Winter Palace on the day of the Bolsheviks’ seizure of power, but had merely fired one blank shell. The signatories of the protest admit that “every schoolgirl knows” the facts; but why destroy a beautiful and inspiring legend? Kadrin, much to their indignation, had also declared that in February, 1918, the Russian army did *not* fight the Germans, even though a legend, complete with the “original” Red Army Day of February 23, had since been created. Finally, they object to Kadrin’s “historic reconstruction” of the “Panfilov epic.” The standard version of that heroic episode of the Battle of Moscow is that all twenty-eight men of the Panfilov regiment died as they held a critical sector of the front against German tanks; according to Kadrin, several of the “Panfilov men” actually survived. In Rokossovsky’s view, this kind of “historicism” is an outrage, since the “discovery of this unimportant detail” not only weakens the legend but tends to destroy it altogether.

These repeated attacks on *Novy Mir* are said to be designed to remove Tvardovsky from the editorship of the journal. It has been rumored for some time that he would be replaced by Simonov; but this seems unlikely, since Simonov himself is an advocate of “historicism.”

In any case, the protest against the debunking (or even partial debunking) of certain war legends is not without significance. Russia’s record in World War II is, indeed, the proudest of all her memories, and of the greatest educational and morale-building importance; it is easy to understand some of these “unscientific” reactions. After all, the legend that all twenty-eight Panfilov men died is perhaps less of a distortion of the real facts than the long-cherished English legend of “women and children first” on the *Titanic*.

From another view, it is a sign of growing Soviet liberalism that it requires not only the Siniavsky-Daniel trial and the 23rd Party Congress but the personal intervention of a marshal of the Soviet Union to attack Tvardovsky. In Stalin’s days, the removal of an editor was accomplished much more simply and quickly.

Scoring Points in the Cold War

MARXISM IN THE MODERN WORLD.
Edited by Milorad M. Drachkovitch.
Stanford University Press. 293 pp. \$5.95.

T. B. BOTTOMORE

Mr. Bottomore is head of the Department of Political Science, Sociology and Anthropology at Simon Fraser University in British Columbia, and author of Classes in Modern Society, to be published by Pantheon in July.

This book results from a conference organized by the Hoover Institute, and we are told in the preface that the participants "sought to analyze dispassionately the variety of Marxist movements that have so profoundly affected the destiny of mankind during the last century." Unfortunately, this is not what they have achieved. Many of the contributors choose to write in the style of cold-war political journalism, and they are concerned with Marxist movements only in the very restricted sense of discussing a number of Communist or pro-Communist political regimes.

The principal exception, and the only contribution which has any connection with the title of the book, is Raymond Aron's essay on the impact of Marxism in the 20th century. Professor Aron reviews, with his habitual lucidity, the vicissitudes of political Marxism, and discusses in a short essay the significance of Marxism as a social philosophy and a system of sociology. Much of what he says is a résumé of ideas expounded by him in more substantial writings, but the essay is valuable as a brief introduction to the intelligent critical study of Marxist thought.

It is particularly interesting for its comments on the rise and diffusion of a Hegelianized version of Marxism which, beginning in Germany in the 1920s with the work of Lukacs and Korsch, was revived in France after 1945 in the writings of Merleau-Ponty and Sartre, and has now spread widely among Western Marxists and even in the Communist countries. In this version Marxism is restored as a philosophy of history (according to Sartre, the "unsurpassable" philosophy of our time), empiricism and positivism are brushed aside, and the central idea in Marx's thought is taken to be that of "alienation." Hence the importance which is attached to Marx's early writings. Like Aron, I am unsympathetic to the endless, nebulous discussions of alienation, and to the new mumbo jumbo which Sartre has originated; and I have no quarrel with Aron's conclusion: "Strange Marxists, those who discourse upon alienation or try to change the world without knowing it."

What these Marxists ignore is simply the greater part of Marx's own work, which was the detailed, empirical study of modern capitalism in order to frame scientific rather than philosophical propositions; and they vastly exaggerate the significance of a philosophical method or concepts in Marx's writings. In part their cause is a good one. They are against determinism and totalitarianism (the two are not necessarily connected); they want to affirm human freedom, reason, choice and responsibility, and to mark their separation from the stupid mechanical Marxism of Stalin's bureaucrats. But in many ways they are as remote from reality as the orthodox slogan-producing Marxists. Marxism as a social science is precarious, corrigible, partly demolished and supplanted. How much easier to indulge in semiliterary, semiphilosophical reflections upon human nature—and keep one's faith—than to engage in the toilsome study of social facts and theoretical problems which would be necessary to produce a new *Capital* a century after Marx.

But here I find myself disagreeing with Aron's brusque dismissal of Marxism as a social science. True, Marx did not provide the complete and definitive system of political economy or sociology. True also that the most orthodox Marxists have done little to reconstruct the system or to extend the boundaries of knowledge (though there have been exceptions, among them the Austro-Marxists). Nevertheless, when we think of the number of modern scholars who have been fired by Marx's genius without embracing his faith (if his faith was Marxism), and have contributed so much to the study of social history, classes, social conflict, ideologies and even the fashionable subject of economic growth, it becomes difficult to deny that this body of ideas has done far more for the development of the social sciences than any other. Aron seems to me negligent, in this essay and elsewhere, in not dealing with this aspect of the impact of Marxism. Like an old-fashioned rationalist discussing Christianity, he tends to concentrate upon the more absurd antics of the faithful and to ignore the diffuse influence of the ideas.

The other essays in the book are not of the same standard and belong largely to the dreary genre of Kremlinology. Bertram Wolfe deals in a familiar way with Lenin's contribution to political Marxism (and what else is to be found in Leninism?), and he dilates too much upon Lenin's character in a man-

ner as intemperate and one-sided as that of the hagiographies which used to reach us from the other shore. Mr. Souvarine's sketchy paper on Stalinism conveys nothing that is either new or interesting. The other contributions, and especially that on pluralistic communism by Richard Lowenthal, are more informative, but they are of the nature of current-affairs reporting and deal neither with Marxist thought nor with the structure of the societies and movements which they discuss.

The character of the symposium as a whole is shown very well by the fact that the Communist country—Poland—in which some of the most lively and original Marxist writing of the past decade has appeared, does not qualify for inclusion at all; and that the chapter on Yugoslavia ignores entirely the new social institutions and the animated controversies about Marxist social science in order to relate once again the well-known story of Tito's quarrel with Stalin.

As a study of modern Marxism this book is a failure, much inferior to the late C. Wright Mills's *The Marxists*. As introduction to the recent history of Communist regimes it might have been useful, if the contributors had not been quite so intent upon scoring points in the ideological war.

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Looking Aghast at Soviet Russia

RUSSIA AFTER KHRUSHCHEV. By Robert Conquest. Frederick A. Praeger. 267 pp. \$5.95.

GEORGE FEIFER

Mr. Feifer is the author of *Justice in Moscow* (Simon & Schuster).

December 4, 1917. Secretary of State Robert Lansing retires to his study to sift his thoughts about the disastrous developments in Russia. "Of course Russia as a nation will never come under the Petrograd Bolsheviki," he writes. "For national and personal honor, for truth and for the individual rights of life, liberty and property, they seem to have no regard. . . . They are wanting in international virtue. . . . I cannot see how unorganized and undirected physical power such as now dominates affairs in Petrograd can continue. It has in itself every element of destruction. Up to the present, however, the logic of events has failed."

This memorandum set a pattern: for forty-seven years a body of Western observers, Americans above all, have looked aghast at Russia under Soviet rule, catalogued its iniquities, seethed over its lack of virtue, and waited for the crack-up destined by the logic of events. Russia in crisis: the Bolshevik seizure of power, the civil war, the new economic policy, the forced industrialization, the collectivization of agriculture, the purges and terror, the Nazi onslaught, the death of Stalin—the fragmenting forces generated by these traumas are violent and enormous; and Soviet rule, the observers point out, teeters on the brink of collapse. At every crisis—in effect, the Soviet Union is in Permanent Crisis—they identify the sources of disintegration and calculate its approach.

Here now is Robert Conquest revealing—in the opening sentences of his study—that "With the fall of Khrushchev, the Soviet Union entered a period of profound crisis. Over the years of his ascendancy it had become clear that major difficulties confronted the regime and that it had not been able to adjust to them by seeking fully realistic solutions." What are the crises now? They are not easily identified, for the book is a potpourri of the evils of communism—in theory and practice, in the Soviet Union and elsewhere, before Khrushchev and after. Winnowing away the supplementary charges, however, one learns that a restive army, a bitter intelligentsia, an unbalanced, disintegrating economy (saddled by a calamitous agriculture), a disaffected set of non-Russian nationalities, a factional, warring party leadership, an irrational

party *apparatus*, and a sullen, alienated citizenry haunt the land. The Union of Soviets is bursting apart at the seams—"severe trouble seems inevitable"—and there are but two "logical" solutions: "Russia can find another Stalin, or it can evolve to sanity."

That Russia is, by any standard, more comfortable and less tense than at any time since the late 1920s, and that "the Soviets" have adjusted to far more agonizing problems than those that face them now, give Mr. Conquest no pause. "The Soviets are facing a highly changeable and crisis prone situation. This is the formula for trouble!"

Having predicted the new time of troubles, Conquest settles down to analyzing them with the tools of his trade: Kremlinology. It is immediately obvious that he has examined an immense amount of Soviet material prodigiously and carefully. And from this research comes such information as, "The promotion of Demichev in November, 1964, to candidate-membership of the Presidium brought a Moscow product into the top body (in which there is now no Leningrader) for the first time since Furtseva fell in 1961."

I am not qualified to say what expert observations like this one—there are hundreds more—explain about Russia after Khrushchev. But no knowledge of Russia is needed to question the significance of the truisms sprinkled, every third sentence, throughout the text: "Surprises are possible," we are informed. "We must . . . avoid the temptation to predict the precise outcome, especially as regards details." "We may, therefore, see a continuation of the current type of anti-Stalinism. . . ." "In the short run, we may perhaps see a Ukrainian bid for power." "Thus it is perfectly conceivable that . . ." "Yet it would be wrong to wholly rule out the possibility that . . ." "It is not impossible for . . ."

This kind of speculation seems to me sterile, and all the more so when it rests on conjecture about the psyche of Soviet leaders. For Conquest's analyses are invariably couched in terms of what "the non-Ukrainian element must wish" and what "must naturally occur to a First Secretary in Tashkent or Vilnius. . . ." And here, although the choice is rich, lies the cardinal flaw of the book. Not the mind of the party *apparatchik* (the "hard, shallow-minded, cold-blooded operator who typifies the Russian ruling circle") or of the Soviet people (whose only relationship to their leaders is that of "the whipped" to "the whippers") is revealed here, but the mind of Robert Conquest,

liberal, literate, quasi-Establishment Westerner. The predictions, analyses, indignation, scale of values, the "fully realistic" programs to Save Russia—everything is *his*, and taken together it sounds like nothing I have heard from any Russian. Nowhere is there mention of what is already sane in Russia, to say nothing of what is good. Not a sentence is devoted to the forces that bind the Soviet Union together, or to the "normalcy" of Soviet life, or to Soviet achievements and the enthusiasm of even the most restive Soviet citizens for them. (The single greatest phenomenon in the dozen years since Stalin's death has been movement, if irregular, toward this "normalcy." It has been an evolution with few parallels in history; and it has accelerated since Khrushchev's ouster. But the author, disdainful of "simple and obvious realities," concludes on the basis of his research that to equate the changes with "anything approaching democratization" is "completely erroneous" because the "basic principle [of Soviet rule] remains today what it was" under the psychotic tyrant. Khrushchev's liberalization is used in quotes to show that it was phony, representing "not an increase in democracy but merely an expansion of oligarchy.") Not a clause is inserted to suggest that those Russians who are most disappointed over the failure of the "regime" to implement the ideals of the Revolution are also, at other moments, most proud of its successes. Not a hint is offered about those aspects of Bolshevism which appeal, if not to the Lansings and Conquests, to most Russians.

During my year at Moscow University, a dozen brilliant students in their late twenties, precisely the kind of young intellectuals whose cause the author presumes to be championing, borrowed several American studies similar to his from my bookcase. The students were fascinated at first: the books provided a *Realpolitik* analysis—as well as information about the party hierarchy—which they had never seen. But soon they became bored. Finally they commiserated with me. "You're as bad off as we: you can learn almost nothing meaningful from *our* books about Soviet politics, and from the looks of these, yours aren't much better. This obsession with the *verxhuska* [ruling clique] conspiracy and intrigue. And this anti-Soviet overtone everywhere. Your writers hate our 'regime' so much on our behalf that they can't see the woods for the trees."

Not that the book's evidence is wrong. There are reasonable chapters retelling—although gracelessly, banally—those old stories, the 1957 anti-party crisis, the economic crisis, the artistic and foreign policy crises; and several first-rate pages characterizing the hacks—"a hypertrophied sort of politician to whom humanist

ideas counted for nothing"—who were bred into Stalin's Communist Party by a process of natural selection and who, breeding still, hobble Russia as she stumbles to a civilized society. "It is not so much the particular doctrines of the Communists that cause the trouble here as the fact that the Communists were actually

empowered, and believed themselves entitled, to enforce them in every sphere of life." True enough; discouragingly true. But should there not be mention, in a book with this title, of the *other* Communists, the enlightened, humanist ones; and the non-Communists—doctors, jurists, writers, teachers, builders?

Social Rebels and Bandits

PRIMITIVE REBELS: Studies in Archaic Forms of Social Movement in the 19th and 20th Centuries. By E. J. Hobsbawm. W. W. Norton. 202 pp. \$1.75 paper.

R. K. WEBB

Mr. Webb is a professor of history at Columbia University. He is the author of *The British Working Class Reader 1790-1848* (Columbia University Press) and his *History of Modern England* will be published late this year. He is the translator of Elie Halévy's *Era of Tyrannies* (Doubleday).

In recent years three Marxist historians have made important contributions to an understanding of the history of the English working classes. George Rudé has brought painstaking archival work to bear on popular disturbances in the pre-industrial era, particularly in his analyses of the mobs that rioted for John Wilkes and Lord George Gordon. E. P. Thompson, in his massive, learned and exasperating book, *The Making of the English Working Class* (1963), has provided the point of departure for the next generation of historians of working-class movements in the crucial decades between 1790 and 1830. The third historian is E. J. Hobsbawm. He has been present in historians' minds longer than the other two and I, for one, think he wears best and has been the most rewarding. His scholarship has swept much more widely than the work of the other two; his imagination is broader than Rudé's, and he keeps his temper more firmly under control than does Thompson, who repeatedly lessens his authority by sneering at people (past and present) whom he does not like. *Primitive Rebels* (first published in 1959 as *Social Bandits and Primitive Rebels*) is an excellent example of Hobsbawm's strength and weakness, and strength by far predominates.

Hobsbawm has always, I suspect, seen himself as the gadfly of more orthodox historians. His career began with a thesis that said some startling things about the Fabians, whose self-image had been skillfully implanted in the minds of most labor historians, perhaps the greatest victory of Fabian permeation. He boldly attacked—

somewhat correcting rather than destroying—Elie Halévy's famous generalization about the role of Methodism and Evangelicalism in preventing an English revolution; he has been the leading critic of the "optimistic" interpretation of standards of life during the Industrial Revolution. A gadfly darts, stings and usually escapes. So Hobsbawm has darted from subject to subject—happily infusing life, not drawing it—and has artfully dodged most of the attacks on him to return again (as he has done repeatedly in the standard of living debate) or to goad another placid subject into agitation. *Labouring Men*, published last year, shows him doing just this in a collection of articles and (there is no other word for them) fragments that do much to illuminate labor movements and the men who made them.

No one can work very long in social history, particularly in the history of labor movements, without becoming aware of the puzzling recurrence of archaic forms and impulses, sometimes as pre-political movements in a political age, sometimes as survivals within movements already groping their way toward politics. Mr. Hobsbawm's inevitable interest in these phenomena led him to what seems to have been a kind of tangential interest in southern Italy and in Spain. In 1956, he was invited to lecture at the University of Manchester, and he chose to lecture on these continental examples, a commendably bold decision that most historians, preferring the relative safety of their usual fields, would not have taken. With some other material added, *Primitive Rebels* is the result.

Primitive Rebels is not exactly a book, if one thinks of a book as a thorough and integrated exploration of a theme; Hobsbawm does label it "studies." The formal analogy that sprang to my mind was one of the long piano works of César Franck: *Primitive Rebels* is really Hobsbawm's *Variations, Aria and Coda*—pleasing, haunting and artfully improvisatory. The *Variations* are arranged according to historical logic, not chronology. He begins with the "social bandit," of whom Robin Hood is the generic type, a phenomenon

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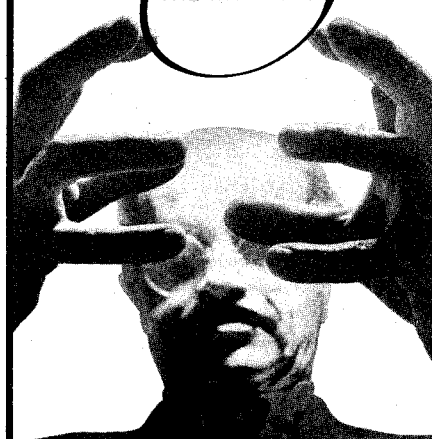
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that can exist in its purity only in a peasant society whose interests he defends against outside oppression, and whose dissolution can mean for him only defeat or degradation into true criminality. A similar fate awaited the collective advance on banditry, *mafia*, the second of Hobsbawm's variations; Americans are familiar with one form of its ultimate corruption, but all of us can profit from this penetrating and broadly conceived interpretation of its background. The next three variations deal with millenarianism, a form of social protest more at home in modern society; in Hobsbawm's terminology millenarian movements are revolutionary as bandits and *mafia* are not. His three variations deal with ascending degrees of sophistication and end in politicization: the Lazaretti of southern Tuscany, so called from Davide Lazaretti, a messiah who gathered a large following between 1868 and 1878 and whose memory lives in some Italian left-wing movements today; the Spanish anarchists of the late 19th century; and the Sicilian agrarian *fasci*, appearing at the very end of the 19th century and feeding into present-day Italian communism.

An English aria follows, in two parts. The brief chapter on the city mob, a pre-

industrial phenomenon, is brilliant; it necessarily depends much on Rudé's work, but it is a much better introduction to a central element in 18th-century life than Rudé's general assessment in *The Crowd in History* (1964). The chapter on labor sects deals with a curious survival in the industrial era—the linking of religious forms and impulses to what are essentially secular political movements. Finally, the coda is a suggestive consideration of the role of ritual in social movements.

Hobsbawm is frank about the tentative nature of his inquiries; he did not intend to write an integrated or authoritative book. But one cannot help wishing that he had done more. There is very little here in the way of psychological speculation. I am not calling for a full-scale psychological interpretation, but for more emphasis and more curiosity. For example, David Williams, in *The Rebecca Riots* (1955), sought out the psychological dimension in the folk origins of the attacks on Welsh toll gates in the 1840s.

But this fault is minor when set against the stimulation to be found in the provocative and even moving stories that Hobsbawm has so refreshingly chosen to tell.

Currently they are booming. Audiences are increasing rapidly; acting companies are being expanded. Companies are moving from makeshift premises in the suburbs to splendid custom-built theatres downtown (usually in civic arts centers, somewhat on the order of Lincoln Center in New York, which are going up in city after city). The new houses often have twice as many seats as the old, and in several of them provision will be made for a small, flexible second stage for experimental work, especially new plays. Government money from Federal Aid to Education and the National Foundation for the Arts is becoming available. The men who run the resident theatres are young men—most of them in their 30s, some even younger—and they are full of plans and full of confidence.

Of course, some theatres fail to take root, but for every one that dies several more are born. Businessmen and civic leaders have become aware that resident professional theatre is a Good Thing: good for civic pride and good for attracting new industry. (Even if he never goes to the theatre, an executive is glad to be reassured that he is not moving into a cultural desert.) Colleges and universities are becoming increasingly interested in resident theatre; an official of Actors Equity estimates that in the next two years some eleven professional companies will be founded or engaged by academic institutions, in addition to at least four more companies started by nonacademic groups, plus two new summer festival theatres.

It is easy, in this context, to give way to euphoria; but the arts in general have failed to secure an important place in our national life, and the theatre is no exception. If our prosperity holds, the resident professional theatre will prosper also; but if there is a depression these costly institutions are likely to be found expendable. A portent may be found in a recent action of New York's culture-loving Mayor Lindsay, who, faced with a budget crisis, cut by \$100,000 the city's contribution to Joseph Papp's free-admission Shakespeare Festival.

In spite of all the money, all the statistics, and all the very real progress that has been made, professional theatre still reaches only an infinitesimal percentage of the people of the United States and Canada. The new theatres are very small organizations. Except for the Guthrie in Minneapolis, the Vivian Beaumont in Lincoln Center, and a few tourist-oriented summer festival theatres, none of them has an auditorium that can seat as many as 1,000 people. Many can accommodate less than 500. Even the splendid new theatres tend to have only about 800 seats. Yet in these same cities there are usually

Touring the Hinterland

JULIUS NOVICK

Mr. Novick, a former Fulbright scholar, has directed and acted in England, Italy and the United States. This article, first of a series on the American national theatre, is based on studies made by him on a Ford Foundation grant.

A few weeks ago, the headline above the lead article in *Variety* proclaimed, "Hinterland Legits Top Broadway." The article announced that "for the first time since the heyday of stock, there are more professional actors working in regional theatre than in Broadway and touring productions." Clearly something is going on out there in those hinterland legits, and clearly it is something new. My own findings complement *Variety's*: I have just returned from a transcontinental journey in the course of which I visited twenty-three theatres in twenty-one cities from Boston to Los Angeles; about half of these theatres did not exist five years ago. All over this country and Canada, there is professional theatre where for many decades there was little or none.

The new "resident professional theatres," as they are called, aim to become permanent institutions. Most of them maintain a company of actors who remain to-

gether from play to play throughout a season of thirty or forty weeks (with guest performers to play roles that cannot be cast from the company). A core of actors is usually retained from one season to the next, in the hope of developing a genuine ensemble.

These theatres draw very little except their audiences from their communities. Most of the actors come from the New York talent pool. The plays are drawn from the international repertory of classics and respected modern plays, with special attention to what Broadway and off-Broadway have been doing lately. Many theatres feel guilty about not staging enough new plays. They do not, for the most part, bother with the current crop of commercial comedies and musicals, and so do not compete with the road-company houses where those exist.

The theatres are interested in art, not money (though they try not to be self-righteous about it). They are all incorporated as nonprofit institutions, and most of them operate on deficits. They survive by going to the public as Good Causes; they enroll ladies' auxiliaries to help out in annual subscription campaigns, and solicit funds from foundations, from government and from private donors.

concert halls or municipal auditoriums that seat 2,000 to 3,000, and often ball parks that seat upwards of 40,000. A theatre of 800 seats in a metropolitan area of, say, 2 million, will have a hard time making much of a dent on the community.

The audience for resident professional theatre, moreover, is almost exclusively a bourgeois audience. All the statistical surveys make this clear, and standing around in a few dozen lobbies makes it clearer. A survey made at the Arena Stage in Washington showed that more than 70 per cent of the audience earned better than \$10,000 a year, and in this respect the Arena is probably not unusual. Now, it represents real progress that doctors and lawyers and college professors, and perhaps even a few accountants, can see serious plays professionally done in Baltimore and Memphis and Winnipeg as well as in New York. But what about the truck drivers and the plumbers and the steelworkers, much less the typists and the ribbon clerks, much less the farmers, much less the real poor?

Only the resident theatres have the stability and the resources to go after new audiences, but too few of the men who run them are losing sleep over the plumbers and the truck drivers. Still, something is being done. Ticket prices are being kept low; in many cases a seat at the theatre—sometimes a good seat, even on a weekend—is as cheap as a seat at the movies. The ribbon clerks could afford it, if they wanted to.

And if no resident theatre is making very serious efforts to induce them to want to, nearly all the theatres are earnestly going after their children. Cut-rate tickets for students are almost universal, but the attempt does not stop there. Many theatres give special children's plays on Saturday afternoons. They hold acting classes for children and teenagers; they send individual actors around to the schools to talk to the students; they send troupes of actors to present programs of scenes in the high schools. They give special performances, at special rates, to which students are bused in from the schools; some present Shakespeare to tens of thousands of adolescents in a year. This spring, for example, *all* the high school seniors in the state of Rhode Island—40,000 of them—have seen a production of *Twelfth Night* put on by the Trinity Square Playhouse of Providence. Now that funds from the Federal Aid to Education Act are available to finance student performances, they are certain to increase. Many people are immune to the theatre virus; but if the entire high school population of a community is exposed to it, the susceptibles will at least have a better chance of discovering themselves.

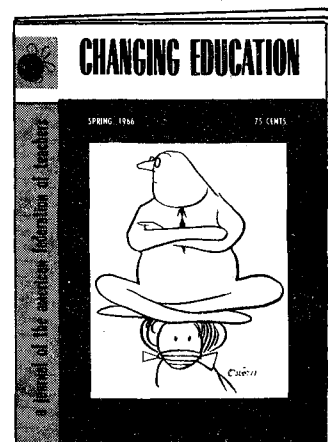
Even now the resident-theatre audiences

are very different from the Broadway crowds. They are far younger and livelier; they lack the stuffed and stuffy deadness that is endemic on Broadway. They are not there on expense accounts, and they are not stampeded by "hit psychology." They are not always sophisticated and knowledgeable, but they are open-minded; they have come to enjoy and to discover. Year by year, according to many directors, they grow more adventurous, more ready to cope with whatever the theatres dare to give them (though they are still somewhat leery of new plays by unknown authors). If they cherish a secret longing for *Under the Yum-Yum Tree*, they do not usually expect the resident theatres to gratify it. Many of them, perhaps, are just the sort of intelligent young people who, in New York, are no longer interested in Broadway. Bourgeois they may be, but they are often a credit to the bourgeoisie.

Resident professional theatres exist, then, in good and increasing numbers, and they are finding good audiences. One fundamental question remains (a question that tends to be overlooked by those who go on about "cultural explosions"): is their work any good? I greatly regret, from the viewpoint of journalistic excitement, that after seeing some forty productions I am in no position either to proclaim a Renaissance or to expose a fraud. Of the work I saw, a little was brilliant and some was bad. But a great many—most, perhaps—of the forty productions were earnest attempts at excellent plays, brought off just well enough to make them worth while for an audience that had no chance of seeing these plays done better.

Even that is no contemptible achievement in a country where permanent professional theatres have for a long time been almost unknown. (Imagine building two or three dozen symphony orchestras in a country which had known only amateur ensembles and *ad hoc* dance bands.) Nevertheless, we may ask how it happens that so much energy, so much devotion, so much ardor, and even a good deal of intelligence and talent, have produced so much work that is merely adequate. My answer would be that many resident theatres suffer at the same time from the disabilities of youth and the sins of age.

Being young, most of these theatres are poor. About many of them still lingers a subtle atmosphere of makeshift, of "we would do it differently if we could afford it." Plays written for three settings are performed in two, musicals are done to piano accompaniment, crowd scenes are underpopulated, stages are too small; compromises of this kind, even when the audience is not conscious of them, can



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have an effect. As the theatres grow and prosper, however, this problem will gradually be alleviated, and meanwhile necessity is often the mother of excellent invention. The hinterlands are full of skillful directors and brilliant designers.

What they lack is good actors. There is very little patently phony emoting—the Stanislavskyite influence may be thanked for that at least—but there is a great deal of crude, unpolished acting, and a great deal of plain bad speech. “American actors,” to quote Jacques Cartier of the Hartford Stage Company, “have in the main not been taught to characterize. American actors tend to want to be themselves in the author’s situation. They don’t change the way they walk, they don’t change the way they speak.” And so the stages of our resident theatres are full of actors who, whatever the role they are playing, come across unmistakably as young Americans of the 20th century.

This is the notorious deficiency of American acting, and its causes have been much discussed. Super-Stanislavskyite fanaticism and the absence of a tradition of classical acting in this country are the most common explanations. Our actors, for several reasons, are ill trained, and so we see on the stages of the resident theatres a clumsiness that should have been overcome in the classroom. Until very lately, moreover, the American actor had almost no chance to play anything but modern, realistic plays; and so resident-theatre actors suffer from the second great disability of youth, inexperience.

Of course there are some versatile and proficient actors in this country; but here again the problem is financial. Many actors, particularly mature actors, are reluctant to leave New York: first because it is still the heart of the American theatre; second because in many cases the actor will have settled down to raising a family there, and third because New York

is generally believed to be a better place for an artist to live than Pittsburgh or Memphis. Few resident theatres can afford to pay an actor much more than \$200 a week, which does not go far toward overcoming all this reluctance. And so the resident-theatre directors must choose from among the actors they can get, and have younger companies than they would like; their actors are often called upon to play parts for which they are too young by several decades. Furthermore, Equity contracts allow the resident theatres to use a percentage of non-Equity performers, and directors are forced to take broad advantage of this concession in casting smaller roles. The result is a raggedness around the edges; “wait till you see the village girls in the second act,” as one theatre official gloomily remarked.

The situation is bound to get better. As the resident theatre expands, the demand for the well-trained actor increases, and professional training can be expected to improve in response. The actor on his own in New York now has more incentive to take classes in speech and in classical scene study; for the more organizationally inclined, three major universities this year have taken steps to begin or revitalize programs of actor training. Directors report, moreover, that actors are more easily enticed from New York than they used to be—now that the idea of regional theatre has become familiar, and the removal to Milwaukee or Louisville will no longer be read as a confession of failure in the Big Town. Salaries are going up. And a group of actors who have spent several years, often their whole professional lives, in the resident theatre is developing; they at least will not be inexperienced.

But what about the directors? The men who stage most of the productions are the “artistic directors” who run the theatres, and their subordinates, who are also staff members. They frequently complain about the difficulty of finding good actors; perhaps, however, some of the blame for the low standard of resident-theatre acting belongs to these same directors, who after all are responsible for choosing the actors and for coaching them. If American actors are so profoundly inexperienced in the more articulate kinds of theatre, it stands to reason that American directors must also be inexperienced; if American actors have been corrupted by “Method” fanatics, how have the directors escaped? One actor—a good one—wrote to *The New York Times* complaining that he found it hard to get work because directors thought his speech was too good; he might be willing to leave New York. The resident-theatre directors insist that they are looking for “the inner thing and the outer

thing,” but are they? And if so, how hard do they look? These are questions that only they and the actors can answer, but they are questions that a critic must ask.

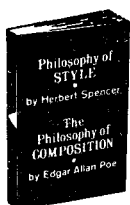
The final great weakness of the American resident professional theatres, however, can be blamed on no one but the men who run them. These gentlemen are intelligent, articulate and earnest. They have the most exalted ideas as to the function of their institutions: to “make a connection” with the audience, to “force the community into facing itself,” to help people “understand our common humanity better,” “to give people’s lives a little more perspective, a little more fullness.” Herbert Blau, a founder of the San Francisco Actor’s Workshop, makes a majestic statement of the resident-theatre ideal:

Who wouldn’t want the theatre that is implied in the Panathenaic procession at the end of the *Oresteia*, where the life of the drama flows right into the life of the community, clarifying its laws, and the audience were to go home to carry it on.

But between the ideal and the reality falls the shadow. In practice, an artistic director is likely to be so preoccupied with running his theatre—propagandizing for it at social functions, being nice to visiting philanthropoids from the foundations, hiring directors, actors and designers, talking to journalists, planning budgets, and generally holding together the institution he is building—that he may well be tempted unconsciously to take it easy in regard to what he is actually putting on his stage. There is a lack of urgency behind many resident-theatre productions, as if the director had had no personal involvement with the play, no strong feeling as to what *this* play had to say to *this* audience at *this* time.

The problem is not that they are doing the wrong plays. I surveyed the schedules of twenty-five theatres for the current season; Shakespeare is the most popular playwright, with sixteen productions, followed by Shaw with twelve, Brecht and Molière with eight apiece, Albee and Williams with seven apiece, O’Neill, Wilder and Anouilh with six each, Chekhov and Pinter with five. Surely these gentry have something to say to us. The problem is not even that too many theatres are doing the same plays; a wider variety would be pleasant for the traveling critic, but the resident theatres are not conducted for his edification. To the man who lives in Seattle and goes to the Repertory Theatre there to see Brecht’s *Galileo*, it is immaterial that Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Cleveland and San Francisco have already seen it in other productions.

The problem is that the right plays are being done, in too many cases, merely



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because everyone else is doing them, and they come readily to mind when a season is to be planned. Consider, for instance, *The Importance of Being Earnest*. It is an exquisite play, but it is also exquisitely difficult to perform; it demands just those skills that American actors are likely to lack. On the other hand, the movie with Michael Redgrave, and the records with John Gielgud, both convey it brilliantly, faithfully and vividly. Finally, although it is a true classic, and always welcome on the score of its intrinsic merit, few people would argue that it is particularly pertinent to civilization as we know it in Hartford, Louisville, Winnipeg and Seattle in our time. And yet the resident theatres in all four cities have done the play this season.

It has been discovered that audiences respond particularly keenly to plays about their own localities: to New England plays like *The Crucible* and *Long Day's Journey in Providence*, to *Ballad of the Sad Café* in Memphis. Why, this being the case, do so few theatres ever reflect—in new plays, adaptations, revue sketches, even

in the choice of works from the standard repertory—the particularities of their region? Nobody wants an entirely regional theatre that turns its back on the world and preoccupies itself with topicality and local color; in the long run the most valuable thing a resident theatre can do is to bring the outside world into its community. But these theatres are becoming “supermarketized”; they are too much alike; they tend to peddle standard merchandise in which they have no personal stake.

There is no reason to demand that all or each of these theatres should speak for one thing only; eclecticism can be a virtue, particularly when a theatre is the only one in town. But many theatres often do not speak for, or about, anything at all, and that is a deficiency that prosperity will not cure. It is a paradox that such young, ardent, dedicated, hard-working men as those who run our resident theatres should allow their attention to be deflected from ends to means, and so be liable to a subtle form of the old man's sin of sloth.

central complex extends some 1,800 feet and is bound to grow much longer. The center will be flanked by four “self-contained” dormitory quadrangles, two of which have been completed. Each quad stands on a raised platform supporting three-story dormitories some 450 feet long. These are arranged to form large patios out of which rise twenty-three-story towers.

A resident of the first quad volunteered the information that boys are housed in the soaring tower, girls are assigned to the surrounding annular dormitories. This charming symbolism may account for a design that otherwise appears whimsical. Alas, the purity of the concept is impaired by the fact that the tower accommodates only 450 out of a quad population of 1,200, and some boys must live in the three-story units. It would be interesting to know what psychological tests or insights determine whether a freshman should be housed in an inverted low-rise unit or on top of the potent-looking tower. In plans for the expansion of the campus to 20,000 students, four more quadrangles are shown as exact replicas of the original. The same trusted plan will also serve as an efficiency complex for married students except that four twenty-story towers are to be placed in the patio instead of one of twenty-three floors.

ARCHITECTURE / ERVIN GALANTAY

Mr. Galantay is an associate professor in architecture at Columbia University and practices as a consultant in urban design.

Travelers leaving the New York Thruway north of Albany and heading toward the state capital are confronted with a building site which at first guess appears to be the set for a Cecil B. deMille spectacular. Fine sand drifts and white concrete shapes hover above a vast area denuded of trees. Seemingly endless rows of palmetto arches rise on slender columns and are multiplied in all stages of fabrication. Spaced some 1,500 feet apart, two identical towers stand as beacons in the sun and the site seems pregnant with the promise of more such towers to come.

Billboards announce that the site is the Albany Campus of the State University of New York and the growing complex the design of Edward Durell Stone. Mr. Stone, according to *Reader's Digest*, is the greatest of our living architects. The Albany Campus is perhaps his masterpiece. The Albany Campus is also the \$100 million *pièce de résistance* of a billion-dollar construction program aimed at doubling the present physical facilities of the State University. This crash program was initiated by Governor Rockefeller to accommodate a full-time student population of 160,000 by 1970. After amending various state laws, a construction fund was created as well as a dormitory authority

which is concerned with student housing and dining halls. The method of financing is typical of the tortuous devices legislators must invent to get essential programs going. Design and construction costs are met with “first instance” appropriations by the state. The construction fund repays these temporary loans with income from the sale of bonds and notes issued through the New York State Housing Finance Agency. The note and bond indebtedness will be discharged by leases paid by the state university to the construction fund for each of the completed structures. This may sound curiously like borrowing money from the left pocket to pay the right, but the program works and that is what counts.

The state university includes twenty-eight community colleges, ten state colleges and four colleges operated for the state by Cornell University. All will benefit from the construction program but the bulk of the money goes into the creation of four new University Centers: Albany, Stony Brook, L.I., Buffalo and Binghamton. Of these the Albany and the Stony Brook Campuses were created *de novo*, but construction has now advanced sufficiently to permit a first evaluation.

Stone's design features a formidable symmetry. All academic functions are united under one roof and wrapped around by an Arabian Nights' colonnade. This

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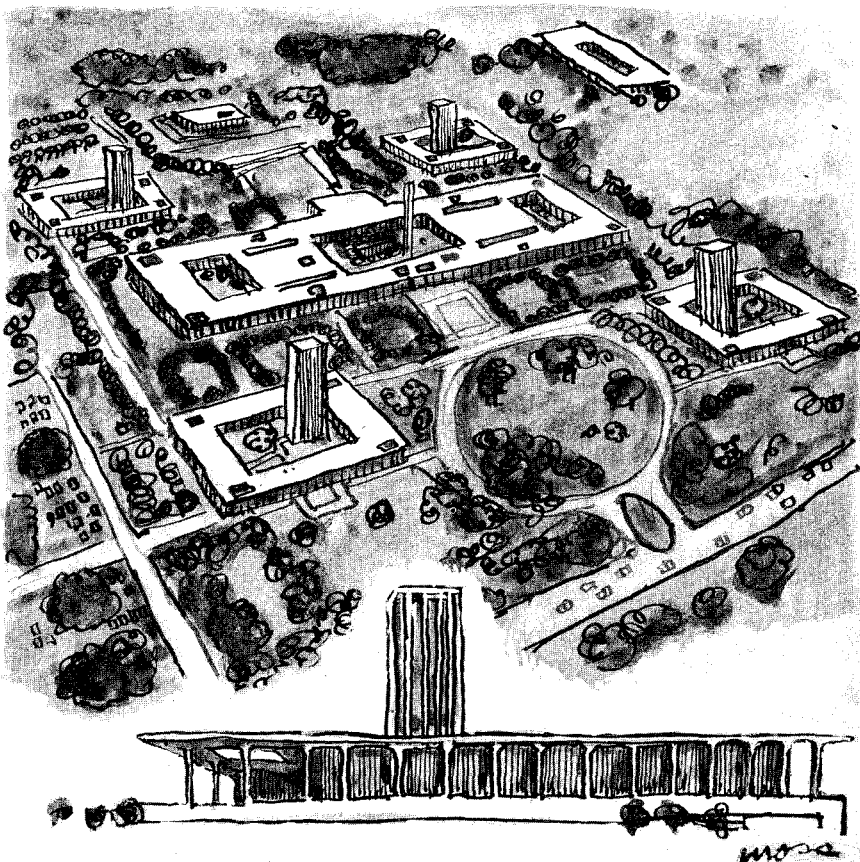
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Some of these new quads are proposed on presently rolling land. Extensive re-grading and destruction of the tree cover are apparently to be taken in stride when topographical assets conflict with the desire for symmetry.

The interiors thus far completed offer wall-to-wall carpets, overstuffed chairs and dangling flowerpots, all in the manner of that great American holiday dream—the Miami Beach hotel. Needless to say, some of the students are thrilled. Boys and girls from upstate farms and small towns find their new environment exhilaratingly urban; the décor gives a foretaste of affluence as the goal and reward of learning.

The design of all the buildings is based on a 16-inch module, presumably ideal for incremental growth. This ever-present module appears externally as decorative vertical striping: concrete mullions alternating with 1-foot-wide lance windows. Ceilings are either barrel vaults or the palmetto shapes on columns, all cast over reusable fiberglass forms. Stone's approach obviously profits from a certain "economy of scale" since the relentless repetition of elements cuts costs and time in comparison with the chore of inventing, detailing and erecting a variety of forms and di-



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mensions. Also, one must concede that the general concept offers some positive features: the campus has unmistakable identity and image; buildings are not dispersed and there is a strong core; movement is straightforward, although orientation is not aided by the repetition of identical building groups. A pedestrian "oasis" is created by confining all parking to the periphery. On the other hand, these parking lots are vast and the experience of arrival is the familiarly dreary one of pulling into a suburban shopping center. Visitors will have it better, for they will arrive at a "large formal circle . . . and next to the elegantly detailed motor court" where they will have "glimpses of the carillon, fountains, and other embellishments. . . ."

This raises a question that must be asked even if it hurts: since the campus projects such a self-conscious image, is it a desirable one for American higher education? The plan does not allow for variety and choice; it is hostile to imagination and invites conformity of thought and behavior. This is a far cry from the prototypical English collegiate towns, where self-governing colleges form an interlinking system of quadrangles, architecturally related but varying in size, proportions and detail; and each with its marked identity.

The spirit of Stone's buildings is not the self-assured, architectural marching order popularly associated with fascism;

rather a regimentation camouflaged by lacework, stripes and arches—the fancy dress of hypocritical authoritarianism. Stone is not the only representative of this style, although he may have started the fashion with his ostentatious U. S. Embassy in New Delhi—that oversized jewel box with its gilded columns—so singularly ill placed in a half-starved country. Yamasaki is another prominent addict of "Hollywood Imperial" styling; his recent Woodrow Wilson School at Princeton University is a direct cousin of Stone's Albany buildings.

Lest someone jump to the conclusion that such is the official style of the State University of New York, I hasten to point to the Stony Brook campus, which is in some respects at the opposite end of the architectural spectrum. The Long Island campus of the state university at Stony Brook is located on 640 acres of beautiful rolling country, ill suited for monumental symmetry. Nevertheless the authors of the original master plan felt obliged to include some axial gestures. But it is the architecture rather than the plan that has attracted attention, since the barrackslike red-brick buildings are of such depressing mediocrity that one can feel acutely nostalgic for Mr. Stone's arches. Sad to say, visits to the Albany and Stony Brook campuses prove that there is more than one way to miss a target. I shall return to Stony Brook and further pitfalls of campus design in my next column.